

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,054—Vol. XII.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE entire nation will heartily approve the following resolutions passed at a meeting of the citizens of Boston, November 27th, in Faneuil Hall:

The announcement of the death of Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States, is received in the capital city of Massachusetts with sincere and unanimous respect for his useful and honorable life and sterling

character, and with profound sorrow at the loss of one whose influence was every day more and more generously diffusing the returning spirit of reunion over the nation at large. With peculiar esteem is he remembered in this Commonwealth, which was his home, of which he was so long a faithful servant, of whose devotion to the elevation of humanity he was a fearless and constant exponent and advocate, to whose people his presence was so familiar and so cordial, and which so deservedly honored him with successive and distinguished promotions in her service. He illustrated in the interest of a government of the people, by the people, that the politician may lift and not debase his opportunity; that

he may touch and not abuse the popular will; that he may grow greater and better as he grows older; that he may repay the confidence of a people by directing their enthusiasm and using their organizations in behalf of a higher political and moral civilization, and that the politician may be also the statesman. The example of his life is a tribute to New England. He was born in poverty, he was a day laborer, his college was the borrowed book; the hour stolen from sleep, the aspirations of the shoemaker's bench, the debate of the village lyceum; his townsmen, recognizing his ambition and intelligence, made him their representative in the Legislature. The opportunities of Massachusetts were as

free to him as the air, and seizing them, he rose to eminence side by side with Charles Sumner, the workman and scholar, in thorough sympathy. He was a leader in the great political movement for human freedom. He was President of the Senate of this Commonwealth. He was its Senator in the National Congress, he was Vice-President of the United States. In every station he was equal to its duties. He was true to the fundamental principles of his faith, the equal rights of humanity, the education and happiness of the people. His fellow-citizens mourn an honest public servant and an illustrious American. The general demonstrations of sorrow evoked by his death testify to



DEATH OF THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON, IN THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ROOM, AT THE CAPITOL, IN WASHINGTON, D. C., ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22D.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 218.

the national appreciation of his worth, and confirm the hope that the memory of his services and of his broad patriotism will contribute to enforce the lessons of his life and to build his best monument out of the gratitude of the people.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

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THE FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

It cannot be doubted that the Forty-fourth Congress of the United States, whose sessions begin on the 6th of December, is destined to fill a conspicuous place in the political history of the country. Though the time has long passed since nominations for the Presidency were devolved on a "Congressional Caucus," it still remains none the less true that the public issues on which each party elects to go before the American people are largely made up and matured by the comparison and conflict of opinion in the National Legislature. The deliberations of the impending Congress in its first session will fall within the period when each of the two parties now contending for supremacy in the United States is expected to name its chosen candidates for the two highest offices in the gift of the people, and to announce the platform of principles on which it shall base a claim to popular patronage and support. It is of necessity, therefore, that the discussions of this Congress shall be largely complicated with the dynastic plans of the political strategists who assume the conduct of our electoral campaigns.

If this consideration deserves to enlist an unwonted share of public interest in the deliberations of the coming Congress, it is equally just to say that that interest cannot fail to be intensified in all thoughtful and patriotic minds by the delicate nature and complexity of the problems with which our legislators shall be called to deal. We have more than once called the attention of our readers to the melancholy fact that the practical interests of the people are perishing for a want of intelligent statesmanship at Washington. Since the close of our civil war it has been the habitual policy of the Republican Party, though often charged with the responsibility of a two-thirds majority in both Houses of Congress, to avoid the readjustment, on a sound and permanent basis, of the vital relations which that party so rudely disturbed by measures of crude legislation during the war. Endowed with very little of that large discourse which looks before and after, the Republican politicians in Congress early threw the finances of the country into the confusion created by the Legal Tender Act, and this confusion they have subsequently worse confounded by the piddling expedients of political chicane and artful party management. The heroic remedy of currency contraction was tried for a time, and weakly abandoned at the first stress of temptation. The Supreme Court was made to eat its words in the interest of that irredeemable paper money which the Republicans in Congress had created, and which the administration of President Grant, during Mr. Boutwell's management of the Federal Treasury, moved heaven and earth to protect and preserve. Twice, has the currency been expanded by the reissue of canceled notes, in equal contempt of law and reason. And even when at the close of the last Congress a compromise Bill was patched up between Republican inflationists and hard-money men, pledging the Treasury of the United States to resumption of specie payments in the year 1879, this wretched jugglery with the most important of all outstanding financial questions was not abandoned by the Republican leaders in Congress. They refused to say whether the canceled greenbacks should be susceptible of reissue or not, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, and they

declined to take any steps whatsoever which looked to the honest fulfillment of their promise.

And so it comes to pass that the Forty-fourth Congress is called, not only to treat the original plague of paper-money, but to reverse the empirical practice by which it has been sought to beguile the patient with nostrums instead of radically healing his disease. We regret to confess that neither of the two parties as at present represented in the Congress about to convene, seems to be entirely adequate to the solution of the problem set before it. The insufficiency of the Republican Party to cope with the difficulties of the situation has been demonstrated by the long and painful experience of the country. The death of Vice-President Wilson has just come to shed disastrous lustre on the evil repute of the Republican Party in this whole business, for that mournful event has come vividly to remind us that the Republican majority in the Senate of the United States has selected an avowed and extreme inflationist, in the person of Senator Ferry, of Michigan, to preside over its deliberations, as before temporarily, in the absence of the Vice-President, so now permanently, since the Vice-President's decease. In the event of the death of President Grant we should see a Republican paper-money politician installed in his place by the latest action of the highest branch of our National Legislature, and as the latest expression of national Republicanism on this score.

It is not possible that the Democratic majority in the coming House of Representatives can do any worse under this head in the choice of a presiding officer than has already been done by the Republican majority in the Senate. We may rather hope for better things, after the recent discipline to which the Democrats of the whole country have been subjected by reason of the folly wrought in their ranks, but the readiness with which a few Democratic Samsons in Ohio and Pennsylvania suffered themselves to be captured by the paper-money Philistines, and the meekness with which they suffered their eyes to be put out, preparatory to grinding in the Republican mill, are not entirely reassuring on this point.

And, besides, the political dissidence between the two Houses of Congress is not calculated to promote wholesome legislation on this difficult topic. Instead of addressing itself to a wise and practical solution of the problem, each party is under a strong temptation to convert it, as far as possible, into a "coigne of vantage" from which to project its operations in the coming Presidential campaign. The Republican majority in the Senate, if true to the former policy of the party, will satisfy itself with a device only sufficient to embarrass the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives. And the dominant party in the House may seek to divert popular attention from its own discord in this matter by directing that attention to the discovery of the manifold abuses which are suspected to lurk in every department of the Government at Washington.

We do not hesitate to express the confident opinion that the party which seems willing to shirk the responsibility of settling the question is the party which will be most likely to go to the wall in the approaching centennial contest. Is it the gravamen of our complaint against the Republicans, that after having taken the initiative in creating this derangement of our national finances and the consequent distemperature of the public morality, they have subsequently had neither ability enough to invent a remedy for the disease nor honesty enough to apply it. It remains to be seen whether the Democrats of the House of Representatives are ambitious to come under the same condemnation in this respect.

It will, indeed, be a painful incident of the coming Centenary of the Republic if there shall not be found wisdom enough or virtue enough in either of our great parties to meet the most urgent demands of the public weal. Fifteen years of Republican rule has brought the nation to the verge of ruin, and this ruin is directly traceable to the prevalence of official corruption in all branches of the Government and to the unexampled dearth of statesmanship in the ranks of the Republican Party. Truly has Carl Schurz said, in his "Centennial Thoughts," that the fathers and founders of the Republic, if called to contemplate the spectacle which confronts us, "would stand fairly aghast at the monstrous abortion which exists, and exclaim with scornful disgust, 'Is it this you have made of the fair fabric we transmitted to your hands, to be the embodiment of liberty, wisdom, purity and honesty? Is it this you have made of it?' If they could be present, they would say, 'Spend a little less time in praising our virtues and a little more in following our example.'"

WEALTH AND ITS USE.

WHEN William B. Astor was called to rest from his labors, the world occupied itself at once with attempting to reckon up the sum of his wealth. Society said, with a throb of pride, that he was the richest man who adorned its ranks. It looked back upon the history of the family for the last century, and saw in the rearing of their colossal fortune a new illustration of the old warning against making haste to be rich.

Society was right. The same newspapers

which contained the first tidings of Mr. Astor's death gave the news also that a gallant soldier, who had won his star under Sherman, had been found guilty of fraud against the Government, and, with others of his companions in office and dishonesty, would be sentenced to fine and imprisonment. His was the old, old story. A salary sufficient for comfortable support was not enough. He was in haste to become rich, and to his impatient craving for wealth he was content to sacrifice his honor. To yield to the first whisper of the tempter was ruin. A man of his experience should have known it. There is no possible path of safety out of dishonesty. Yet General McDonald and his associates in crime seem to have fancied that after they had stolen a few millions of the country's revenue they could retire and take their ease with their plunder. They made haste to be rich, and lost everything.

The social world is filled with ruins that tell the same sad story which has been revealed by the Missouri Whisky Ring. In the last seven years there has been a succession of crimes against public honesty which ought to suffice to restrain the multitude from violations of the eighth commandment for a long time to come. It is easy to see whence the itching for illegal wealth arose. The extravagance of our times induced habits of luxury to which people had never been accustomed, and when the day came in which the legitimate source of supply was cut off, people looked from one side to the other to discover means by which the supply might be renewed. Ordinary business occupations no longer yielded sudden fortunes, and, besides, they required unremitting industry and the constant devotion of the best powers of mind and body. Whence, then, could the man who desired to gratify his luxurious tastes acquire, without hard work, the money that was necessary? Clearly, it could be only in some channel that was so much under suspicion as to savor of illegality. In most cases a pretense of honesty was kept up. When the Credit Mobilier Ring was organized, it made a show of square-dealing, but it was a piece of thievery from first to last. So broad, however, was its veil of hypocrisy, that it was deemed possible to tempt even the man who was then Vice-President of the United States to defile his hands with its rascalities. One would have thought that this black lesson, as exemplified in the places of highest official trust, would have been sufficient so deter from further official dishonesty, but this was not the case. A Custom-House Ring has since been developed, and it has been followed by the revelation of a Whisky Ring at the West, whose ramifications extend, it is feared, further than one would dare to say without direct support of testimony. Thus the greed of wealth and the appetite for luxury have tainted nearly every branch of official service, and the humble, honest, private citizen blushes for those who wear the public livery.

Upon the miserable dreams of the poor wretches who have sold their honor for a price the history of the rich man of New York who has just died breaks like a new revelation. The career of William B. Astor, taken together with that of his father and his sons, shows that wealth is not to be won without industry, integrity and frugality, neither is it to be kept without labor and upright dealing. There is no royal road to riches. The qualities that win wealth alone can retain it. Once in a while a fortune drops into the lap of a lucky man, or a shrewd and conscienceless speculator suddenly leaps into possession of millions, but these riches seem to have wings with which to disappear as they came. There is no fortune so great, even though it be that of an Astor, as to suffice for the needs of a man whose life is devoted to luxury. England has furnished recent examples to this effect. The bankrupt Duke of Newcastle and the profligate young Lord Hamilton found their millions totally inadequate to meet the demands of their vicious tastes, and they went so far as to sully noble names in their efforts to lend splendor to their debaucheries. In vain their noble ancestors had kept up their family estates for centuries and had amassed incomes in keeping with their titles—three or four years of dissipation swept everything to the winds. When the ax was once laid at its roots, the oak that had towered for a century above its comrades was marked for destruction.

Perhaps the suggestions already made will tell their own story as to the use of wealth. It may be that when the world expresses disappointment because a rich man leaves none of his wealth to what is called charity, it makes an error of judgment. The poor need work more than alms. It may be questioned whether the money is not best used in "charity" which gives employment to the multitude. Certainly that will be the decision of practical business men. If, in addition, the riches of our millionaires could in part be devoted to giving better homes to the poor and making their domestic life more comfortable, no more could be asked. When every almshouse, asylum and other charitable institution can be swept out of the land, our full stature as a people will be attained. This ought to be—perhaps it will be—the mission of wealth. The result may seem distant, but it is attainable. Great wealth has its mission in bringing nearer this millennial day.

SPECIE PAYMENTS—WHEN?

THE Act of Congress, passed January 14th, 1875, pretends to provide for the resumption of specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879. In reality it not merely fails to make any practicable and effective provision to that end, but it does not provide for securing any ground which may accidentally have been gained in that direction. For example, a number of the National Banks have voluntarily surrendered their privilege of issuing notes, thus making the reduced circulation of paper which is left more valuable, dollar for dollar, than the maximum amount formerly issued. But under this Act of January 14th, 1875, any bank, new or old, can increase its circulation *ad libitum*, and the total amount of paper money, including greenbacks and bank-notes, may possibly be greater on the 1st of January, 1879, than it is now.

By one of the provisions of the so-called Resumption Act, whenever circulating notes are issued to banks, either newly organized or increasing their issues against additional deposits of United States bonds, legal-tender notes must be withdrawn to the amount of four-fifths of the bank notes so issued. This provision, taken by itself, is inflation. The establishment of a bank in a place where formerly there was none greatly economizes the use of money, making a less number of dollars do more work than was formerly done by a greater number. The more banks a country has, the less money it needs, supposing the amount of business done to be the same. In England the amount of business has enormously increased during the last fifty years, having at least quintupled, yet that part of the circulation which consists of bank-notes is no greater than it was in 1825. The proper compensation for an increased issue of bank-notes, in legal-tender notes to be withdrawn, should be 125 per cent. instead of 80 per cent.; that is to say, for every \$100 of new bank-notes issued, \$125 in legal-tender notes should be withdrawn.

It is provided in the same Act that prior to the resumption of specie payments in 1879 the volume of legal-tender shall not be reduced below \$300,000,000, by the withdrawal of greenbacks as a set-off against the increase of bank circulation. It has been maintained that as the greenbacks decrease the banks will be troubled to maintain their reserves in the proportions fixed by the law. In our opinion there is nothing solid in this objection. We think that \$300,000,000 in legal-tender notes, which is the minimum below which they cannot be reduced, would be found an ample supply for the issue of \$500,000,000 bank-notes. Before the war, in 1856, the banks issued a circulation of \$215,000,000 upon a specie reserve of \$58,000,000. If we suppose an additional amount of specie of \$42,000,000 to have been in actual use outside of the bank reserves, we shall have \$215,000,000 of bank-notes for \$100,000,000 of specie, exclusive, of course, of small silver coin which is now replaced by fractional currency. At this rate \$300,000,000 of greenbacks would be ample for a circulation of \$600,000,000 of National bank-notes. From this it follows that the provisions of the Act for the retirement of greenbacks do not necessarily produce any contraction of the currency.

It may, however, be said that whatever the Act was designed to produce, and whatever is possible under its terms, the practical effect has been contraction. This cannot be denied. There are nearly nine millions less of greenbacks, and six millions less of bank-notes, in circulation than there were seventeen months ago, and there have been temporarily withdrawn from circulation about fifteen millions more of greenbacks. This is a voluntary contraction, growing directly out of the state of business. It is, we believe, merely temporary. As business revives, the banks will increase in number, and again increase their circulation, as they have invariably done after every former crisis and period of depression. When this stage is entered on the withdrawal of greenbacks will not compensate for the growth of bank circulation, and the Act of 1875 will cease to have any tendency to bring us to specie payments.

The Secretary of the Treasury is given power to sell United States bonds for gold, and to retain that gold in the Treasury in preparation for resumption. It will be impracticable for the Secretary to make any effective use of this power as long as the depreciation of the paper remains as great as it is. Let us observe carefully what has been done in the past year. The gold premium has risen from ten per cent. to about fifteen. The Treasury, far from adding to its stock of gold, has reduced that stock from ten to twenty million dollars. The banks, who are the principal holders of the commercial supply of gold, have had their specie reserves reduced from \$21,240,000 on the 2d of October, 1874, to \$8,050,000 on the 1st of October, 1875. Both the Treasury and the banks have been drained of their gold, and the metal has been sent to France and England. The Bank of England itself has lost within three months more than \$30,000,000 of its bullion, which has gone chiefly into the new gold coinage of Germany, whence it cannot be recalled. These are steps away from specie payments, for we hold that before specie payments can be established a large mass of specie must either be actually introduced into the circulation or held in readiness for that purpose.

We are not in favor, in the present condition of business, of violent measures for the resumption of specie payments. We are willing to leave the restoration of our greenbacks to par mainly to the growth of the country. But it is an essential part of this plan that in the meantime no increase in the paper-money should be permitted. The so-called "free-banking" law of June 20th, 1874, so far as it permits any bank to increase its notes, or any new bank to issue, should be repealed. With that legislation, which we consider indispensable to any real progress, Congress might, and probably would do well to, let the question of specie payments alone. The growth of the country will surely make greenbacks as good as gold, if there is no addition to their quantity, or to that of the bank notes. After the disappearance of the gold premium measures will still be necessary to perfect the currency. All notes below the denomination of twenty-five dollars should then be abolished. But it will be easier to make such changes than it will be to resume specie payments in three years.

RADICAL REFORM IN POLITICAL PRIMARIES.

MORE interest would be felt in the recent discussions in France as to whether it is better to have an election the *scrutin de liste* in the Department, or the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, if it were known that the Democrats of conviction in this city are in favor of conducting the primaries of their party—when the General Committee are chosen—according to the latter method (that is, the use of a uni-nominal ticket to be voted in the election district instead of the present method, *scrutin de liste*, by which thirty or forty delegates in an Assembly district are balloted for on one ticket), and believe that the change would result in the decentralization of Tammany Hall, the utter destruction of the one-man power, and progress in reform on a line with the wishes of the people, instead of a progress so far in advance of what they want, as, for instance, the superior city and county ticket at the late election dictated by John Kelly, or one so far behind, as, for instance, the tickets four or five years ago dictated by William M. Tweed.

The Waterbury faction, or Anti-Tammany Democrats, as well as Tilden, Hewitt, Cooper, Tiemann, King, Tappan and others, alike favor it. John Kelly once advocated it, but he now takes the position of not opposing it.

John Kelly and some of the other reformers who are associated with him are not Democrats in the strict sense of the word, but distrust the ability of self-interest unassisted, when freely exercised, to check the more flagrant forms of political corruption, they resort to their unbelief, like the Republicans, to the paternal form of government for their party, and are so impatient of reform that they are not content to be only twenty-four hours ahead of the people. Hence their late defeat by the laggards in the army of Reform Democrats aided by the Ring Democrats and the Republicans.

So differently lodged is the public patronage in France from what it is in this city, that the very argument which Gambetta and other moderate Republican Democrats justly urged against the *scrutin d'arrondissement* may in New York be advanced against the *scrutin de liste*, or general ticket. The *arrondissement*, being an administrative district is the fountain of patronage, and an undue influence can be exerted at an election, making the contest "a struggle of persons instead of a struggle of principles," but no election district in this city has patronage enough to turn ten votes, and if fraud is prevented by registration, it would invariably choose to the General Committee a delegate who would represent a fair average of the intelligence and probity in that locality. He would seldom be the chief of saints like Kelly, or the chief of sinners like Tweed. The occupation of reform, as well as corrupt "bosses," would be gone. The people would have an even share in the reforming and in the elections.

It has been urged that the police would not be able to keep order if five hundred and fifty-seven primaries were held on the same evening. But they have no difficulty at the State elections when the same number of polling-places are open. Only about two hundred voters would be summoned to any one place, whereas six or seven thousand sometimes are invited under the present Assembly-district plan of organization. Not so much is at stake when one delegate is voted for as when thirty or forty are; hence there is not the same incentive to malicious disorder for the purpose of concealing an attempt at fraud. Quiet citizens have been kept in large numbers from primaries because it is physically impossible for six thousand persons to vote at one place during the three hours that the polls are open, and because their votes are always nullified by fraudulent ones. Under the proposed system, unobtrusive voters can always deposit their ballots at once, avoid a crowd, be protected by registration from fraud, and be strong enough in number to protect the ballot-box from rioters.

Perhaps applicants for registration should be required to pay ten cents each to raise a fund of fifteen or twenty dollars to pay for polling-places, registers, ballots, etc. The expense of the new system, an obstacle in the minds of some, could be met in this extraordinary way,

and even if by this innovation some of the short-hairs were deprived of the franchise, more other people would be able to keep their indignation under control.

Last Spring a canvass was made in the Twenty-first Assembly, or Harlem, District, and the signature of every Democrat of conviction who was approached was obtained for a petition to Tammany Hall for the election district system. Some of the General Committee in that district endeavored to prevent its consideration by the Committee on Organization. This attempt was frustrated by Mr. Kelly, and, after a full hearing, it was referred to a sub-committee composed of John Morrissey and other statesmen who now declaim against the one-man power, but who then reported in favor of postponing action on a petition for a plan that would establish a five hundred and fifty-seven man power.

Nelson J. Waterbury, on July 4th, 1874, wrote to Tammany Hall, in favor of the same process, a long letter, which reached the public only through the *Sun* several months afterwards.

This system was adopted in electing delegates to the last Assembly district conventions, and the Irving Hall Democracy at some of their recent primaries have also adopted it. A large number of the present Tammany General Committee know themselves to be so unpopular in their own election districts that they are loath to try this plan at the approaching December elections, but they can scarcely resist the tyranny of recent events.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

Monday.....114 3/4 @ 114 1/2	Thursday (Holiday)
Tuesday.....114 3/4 @ 114 1/2	Friday.....114 3/4 @ 114 1/2
Wednesday.....114 3/4 @ 114 1/2	Saturday.....114 3/4 @ 114 1/2

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE BROOKLYN RING SUITS are now in order. It is really a bad year for "Rings," including Whisky Rings, and all the rest.

THE TURKEY QUESTION was duly discussed and settled on Thanksgiving Day at tens of thousands of family dinner-tables all over the land.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY has been heartily welcomed on his return from Rome to New York. He arrived, November 26th, by the steamer *Abysinia*.

EX-MAYOR HALL, it is announced, will appear on the stage of the Park Theatre in the much-talked-of play, "The Crucible," of which he is one of the avowed writers. "Versatility! Thy name is Oakley Hall."

EVACUATION DAY, the ninety-second anniversary of the evacuation of New York city by the British troops, on the 25th of November, 1783, passed without any military recognition, except on the part of a few target companies.

THE ACQUITTAL OF JOHN SCANNELL, whose trial for the murder of Thomas Donahue ended on Saturday, November 27th, has both surprised and alarmed the community. Was there ever a more flagrant instance of the abuse of the "insanity plea"?

THE PREDICTION of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that in a few days McDonald will be no longer able to talk horse-talk with President Grant has been fulfilled. The ex-Supervisor, one of the mainstays of the Whisky Ring, was convicted on all the counts against him. Gone to meet Joyce.

THE REPORT OF DR. LINDERMAN, Director of the Mint, shows the amount of gold and silver deposits and purchases, coin struck and bars manufactured, for the year ending June 30th, was as follows: Gold deposits, \$43,152,584.50; silver deposits and purchases, \$18,304,406.09; total amount received and operated upon, \$61,456,990.57. The total coinage at the different mints, at Philadelphia, at San Francisco and at Carson, 3,157,578 pieces; value, \$43,854,708.

THE POET SWINBURNE, in his eloquent letter to Miss Sara S. Rice, Director of the Poe Memorial Committee, by whom it was received too late to be read at the dedication of the monument, expresses his conviction that, widely as the fame of Poe has already spread, and deeply as it is already rooted, in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances; the surest presage that time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove in this case also the constant and trusty keeper of a true poet's full-grown fame.

A GALLANT YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN, whom we met the other day, reports that his comrades, like himself, are "spoiling for a fight," but they are all bothered by the conflicting rumors of war in the newspapers. They want to know whether we are going to fight with Spain for the benefit of Cuba, with Mexico to obtain a rectification of the frontier for the benefit of Texas cattle-thieves, or with Great Britain on account of difficulties arising out of the Canadian Fisheries; or are we going to carry war into Africa in defense of the colony of Liberia?

THE UNITED STATES LIGHTHOUSE BOARD, in the record of its past year's work, shows how efficiently scientific research can be directed to ends of practical utility. Experiments in fog-signals have been conducted under Professor Henry's supervision so as to secure a variety of definite results relative to the theory of sound, and to point the way towards reducing the peril of vessels on our coast in foggy weather. Experiments in illuminating oils have indicated where economy could be attained in our lighthouse system. A series of signal lights on our Western rivers has been introduced at small cost, but already with recognized advantages to inland navigation.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT, after giving the geographical limits of the various commanders, puts the aggregate strength of the line of the army according to the latest reports received, at 1,540 officers and 21,031 enlisted men, made up as follows: 5 regiments of artillery, 270 officers and 2,504 men; 10 regiments of cavalry, 422 officers, 7,206 men; 25 regiments of infantry, 848 officers, 11,000 men; available recruits, hospital stewards, ordnance sergeants, etc., etc., 3,321. The grand feature of the report of the General of the Army, is the practical plan which it clearly sets forth for solving the Indian problem. Two great objects would be at once accomplished by putting the Indians on reservations and keeping them there in charge of the army: there would be no more Indian wars; and there would be no more swindling the Government in furnishing supplies to the Indians.

THE REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF ENGINEERS OF THE ARMY shows that the work now in progress on our sea-coast defenses consists mainly in the construction of massive earthen barbette batteries for guns of the heaviest calibre, which batteries are either exterior to and supplementary to the older casemated works, or are modifications and enlargements of the barbette batteries of modern times. These will furnish, with a depressing gun-carriage, the greatest protection for the armament and cannoners that can be obtained outside of iron casemate constructions. Among the accessories for the defense of our harbors and channel-ways are torpedoes, or sea-mines, planted in such numbers as to bar entrance to enemies' vessels, and to hold them under the fire of the batteries. The system, which has been perfected, is believed to possess every quality requisite for success when the torpedoes are planted and handled by men trained in the details.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, in his annual report, will be as earnest and decided in favor of hard-money as the most persistent advocate of resumption could desire. Mr. Bristow will sustain the policy of the Act of last January, providing for the redemption of United States bonds in gold in 1879, and urge its retention. It is probable that he will make arrangements during the Winter to carry into effect the first section of the law, which provides for the retiring of fractional currency by the issue of silver coin. The Secretary thinks that additional legislation will be necessary to render other portions of the law practicable, and he will probably recommend a Bill for the funding of greenbacks immediately into gold bonds, bearing four or four and a half per cent. interest, and having a long time to run. He will call attention to the fact that the five per cent. refunding bonds are all taken, and will ask for authority to issue additional bonds, bearing the same interest, to the amount of two or three hundred millions, to take the place of sixes to be retired. The amount of sixes still in circulation is \$1,100,000,000, but it is the Secretary's theory that it is better to undertake to fund a small amount at a time, as the bonds are then more likely to be taken rapidly. Mr. Bristow believes that the Resumption law is entirely seasonable, and that it can be carried out with entire safety to the Government and the business of the country.

ANYTHING TO ELECT GRANT.—In an article in Colonel Forney's *Sunday Chronicle* advocating the third term, the tactics of the one-man worshippers are clearly indicated. The country is in danger; the country must be saved. The country can be saved only by saving the Republican Party; the Republican Party can be saved only by renominating Mr. Grant. Of the forty millions of inhabitants of these United States, there is only one man fit to be President. That man has saved the country so often that he is used to it—it would cost him but the turn of his hand to save it once more. But what is the awful peril that confronts the Republic in the immediate future? Two-fold—Rebellion and Catholicism. Yes, absurd as it may seem, the ghost of Southern rebellion is to be resuscitated that General Grant may lay the phantom as he helped lay the reality. And religious differences are to be fanned until they burst out into a consuming flame. The days of Know Nothingism, with the burning of churches and the massacre of citizens, are to be repeated. Therefore, Sherman will not do as a candidate, because his wife is a Catholic; and the hero of Sheridan's ride is ruled out because he is both a foreigner and a Catholic; and Grant, who is not much of anything, is the very man. A pleasant prospect, truly, for the Centennial year, are the friends of Grant preparing for us. Of course, if they wish for a religious war, they can provoke it. It is but burning a few churches, or murdering a few priests. We can understand, on hearing the professions of these friends of Grant and America, what Dr. Johnson meant when he said that "Patriotism was the last resort of a scoundrel." The prospect the partisans of our "man on horseback" hold forth ought to unite all good men in opposition to the tricky devices of the Republican Party. There will be no peace or prosperity until Grant is relegated to private life.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—It is only a few weeks since we discussed at some length in these columns the relations of Egypt and England, and the probability of the latter finding it necessary, on an early day, to lay her strong hand on the ancient land of the Pharaohs. It was our opinion at the time that the disturbed condition of the Turkish Empire, and the complications which might arise among the Great Powers, would hasten this event. The event hinted at has arrived much sooner and in a way somewhat different to what we had expected. England becomes owner by purchase of one hundred and seventy-seven thousand shares of the Suez Canal. For this, it appears, she has paid the Egyptian Government some four millions sterling. In addition to the power which this arrangement gives England over the Canal, she is to receive from the Egyptian Government five per cent. interest on the purchase money. Some five millions more will enable her to buy out all other claims, and thus become mistress of the entire canal from sea to sea.

The London *Times* very appropriately says: "A breathing time most essential to Egypt is secured, and the value of the purchase to England is great." The purchase was made for political reasons, and therefore, the importance of the step is hardly to be overrated. Naturally enough, the news has created considerable excitement in financial and government circles in Europe. The French press admit the importance of the event. The *Moniteur* says there is no longer any doubt that England has an eye on Egypt; and *Le Temps* declares that the purchase gives England the virtual sovereignty of that country. It will not be at all wonderful if the transfer of the shares shall have the effect of forcing some solution of the Eastern question. Evidently England has taken a new departure in her Eastern policy. It is the most audacious piece of work done by any British Government in many years. We can trace in the transaction the daring genius of Benjamin Disraeli; but we can see also the collected wisdom and the calm courage of Lord Derby. It is certain to add greatly to the popularity of the Disraeli Government. Whatever may be its immediate effects on the affairs of Europe and the East, it must be regarded as a wise and politic step. Egypt is necessary to England and her Indian Empire, and the change, when completed, will be a gain to Egypt and a benefit to the world at large. The London *Times* judiciously remarks that "an acquisition of so commanding an interest in the Suez Canal—an interest which must inevitably tend to increase—will lead the Government and people to concern themselves habitually with Egypt."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

MR. PARSONS has been directed by the Attorney General to immediately institute suits against the Brooklyn Ring.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH acceded to the demands of Mrs. Moulton for a mutual council to consider her treatment by the Church.

GOVERNOR INGERSOLL of Connecticut appointed ex-Governor James E. English as successor to the late United States Senator O. S. Ferry.

SECRETARY CHANDLER is making the most sweeping removals in the Interior Department, hoping, doubtless, by this show of reform, to recover his lost popularity.

THE Faculty of Princeton College have declared open war upon secret societies, and dismissed a number of students for participating in them, contrary to the pledge exacted at matriculation.

FUNERAL ceremonies were performed over the remains of the late Vice-President Wilson at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. The body was taken from the latter city to Boston on the night of the 27th.

GENERAL JOHN McDONALD, ex-Supervisor of Internal Revenue at St. Louis, was found guilty upon all the indictments, and remanded to jail, in default of \$50,000 bail, to await sentence, which will be pronounced after the trials of Avery, Chief Clerk of the Bureau, and the others indicted for complicity in the whisky frauds.

THE latest intelligence in naval circles is that the entire Mediterranean squadron has been ordered home immediately; that all vessels on the Atlantic coast, north of New Orleans, will rendezvous as quickly as possible at Norfolk; that the last of the available ironclads has been put in commission; and that a new vessel has been ordered to the Republic of Liberia, Africa, to protect the citizens and punish the insurgents.

FOREIGN.

TWO STOCKADES erected by the insurgents at Perak were captured by British soldiers.

KING ALFONSO leaves Madrid with the Royal Staff on December 9th to join the Army of the North.

THE new insurrection in Khokand against the authority of Russia has led to a conflict in which the Russian troops were victorious.

A PASTORAL letter was read in all the Catholic Churches in Montreal on Nov. 21st, announcing that the grave of Guibord was separated from the rest of the consecrated cemetery.

SEÑOR RUBI, the Royal Commissioner of Spain who is to endeavor to reorganize the finances of Cuba, issued a circular to the heads of departments, in which he urged the strictest economy consistent with the welfare of the island.

SEVERAL vessels bearing the Winter stock of provisions to the inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands having been wrecked en route, the Quebec Government decided to send 500 barrels of flour to relieve immediate wants.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC addressed a Bonapartist meeting at Belleville on Nov. 23d, advocating the *plébiscite*, and giving promises in the name of the Empire. The newspapers in Paris were warned against reproducing the speech, *Le Pays* was seized, and proceedings taken against *Le Gaulois*.

THE Spanish Minister of Justice has been selected to negotiate with Cardinal Simeoni on the subject of the Concordat. The differences between the Cabinet and the Vatican appear to be a desire on the part of the former for an entirely new Concordat, while the latter is willing only to modify some portions of the existing one.

GENERAL QUESADA captured San Cristobal, with all the Carlist positions in the neighborhood of Pampeluna, and relieved that city after three days' fighting, in which twelve battalions were routed with heavy loss. In consequence of the announced intention of King Alfonso to again take the field, Don Carlos exhorted his soldiers to an energetic resistance against a fresh attack of the northern army.

CONSIDERING the possibility of an armed intervention by Austria, Montenegro has proposed an alliance with Serbia and, if the offer is accepted, joint action will be taken in April. The Prince of Montenegro is collecting a force of 11,000 on the frontier, and has informed Austria that he is ready for any movement she may make. According to the London *Times*, the reported victory of the Turks over the insurgents at Piva was really a most serious defeat of the former.

OBITUARY.

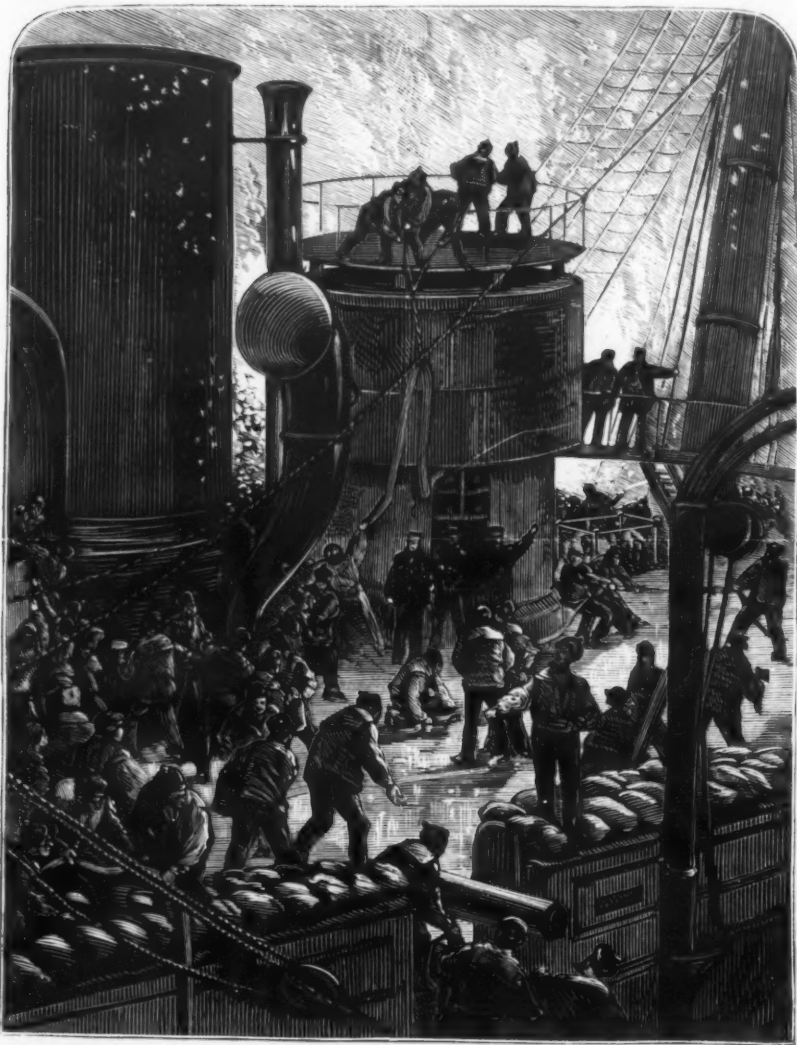
NOVEMBER 24th.—At New York city, William B. Astor, the millionaire, aged 83.

At Vienna, Cardinal Rauscher, an eminent divine and scholar, aged 78.

At Mexico City, Señor Jose Maria Lafragua, Minister of Foreign Relations of the Republic.

At Paris, Alexandre Colin, the distinguished painter, aged 77.

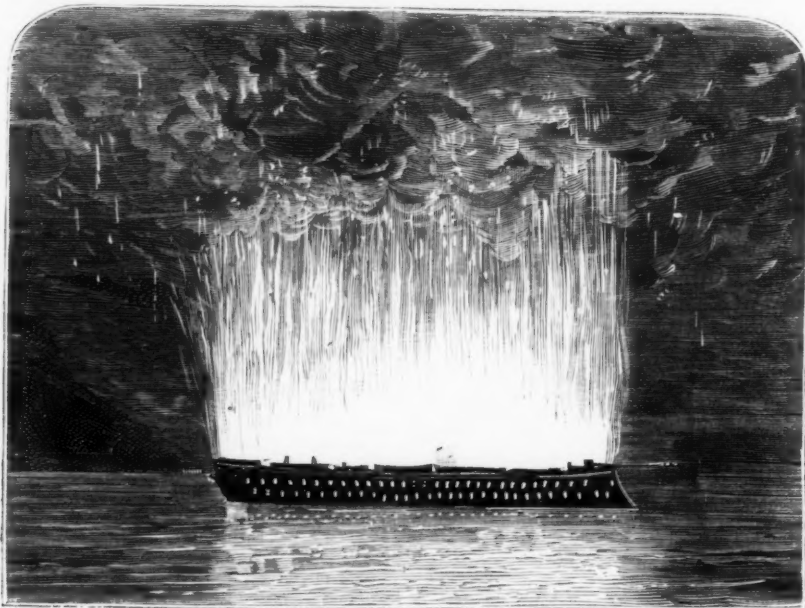
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 219.



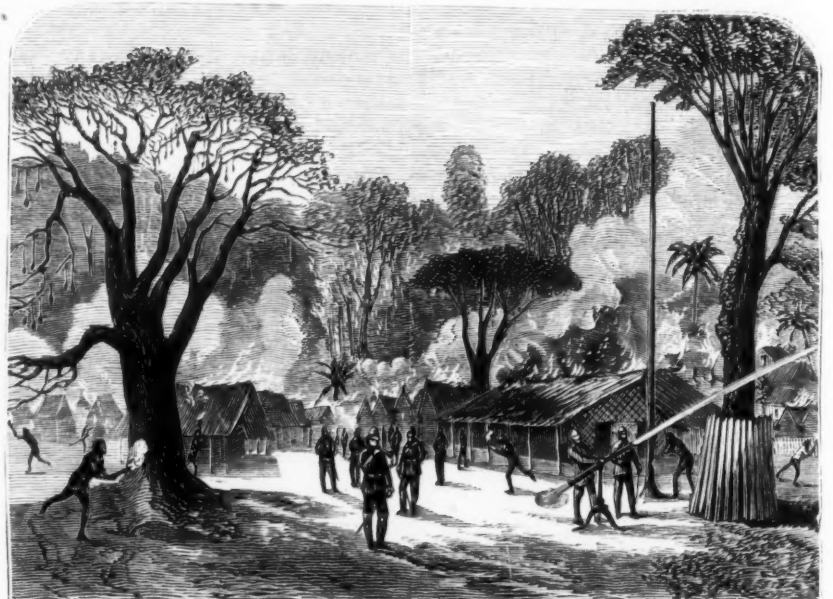
FRANCE.—BURNING OF THE FRENCH IRONCLAD "MAGENTA" IN TOULON HARBOR—THE CREW FIGHTING THE FIRE.



ON THE WAY TO INDIA.—COALING AT MALTA IN THE QUARANTINE HARBOR.



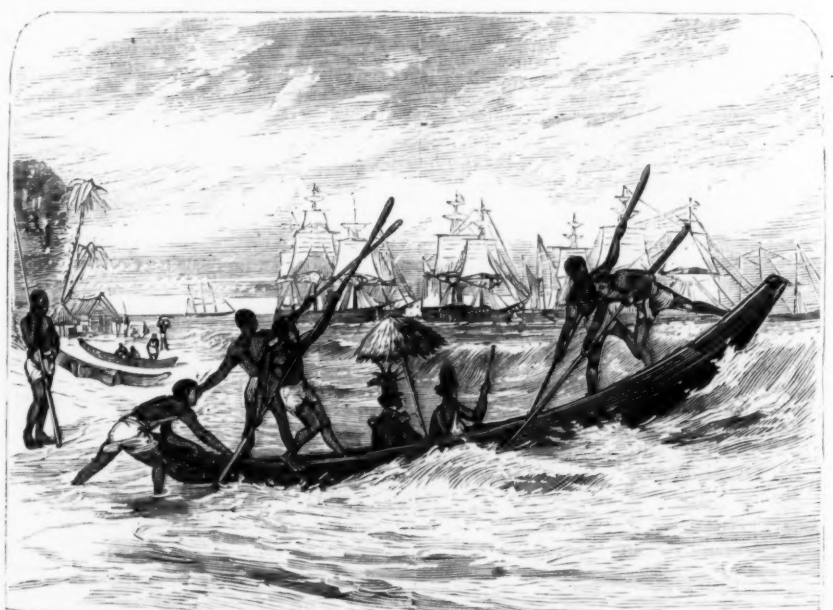
FRANCE.—THE EXPLOSION OF THE IRONCLAD "MAGENTA."



WEST AFRICA.—DESTRUCTION OF MANUEL VACCA'S TOWN, ON THE RIVER CONGO, BY MARINES OF THE WEST AFRICAN SQUADRON.



SERVIA.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCE MILAN OF SERBIA WITH COUNTESS NATHALIE PETROWNA, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BELGRADE.



WEST AFRICA.—THE WEST AFRICAN SQUADRON IN THE RIVER CONGO—THE KING OF SHARK'S POINT GOING TO CALL ON THE COMMODORE.

HON. THOMAS W. FERRY,
ACTING VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

THOMAS W. FERRY, United States Senator from Michigan, who as President *pro tem.* of the Senate became the acting Vice-President upon the death of Mr. Wilson, was born at Mackinaw, June 1st, 1827, and received the usual public school education. His father, the Rev. William M. Ferry, emigrated from Massachusetts to Michigan in 1833, and established himself as a missionary at Mackinaw, where he continued to labor successfully among the Indians until their removal further West. The elder Ferry then journeyed to Grand Haven, Mich., and there he located his family in the first frame-house that was erected in what is now a prosperous town of some 5,000 inhabitants. Here Mr. Ferry, the elder, went into the lumbering business, his four sons, as they grew up, becoming his partners, and the business assuming large proportions.

Entering political life at quite an early age, he attained his first office in 1850, being elected as a Whig to the State Legislature. Seven years later he was sent to the State Senate by the Republican Party, with which he allied himself upon the death of the Whigs. He served in this capacity two years. In 1860 he was a Vice-President of the National Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, at Chicago.

In 1864, Mr. Ferry began his Congressional career, and was re-elected to the House of Representatives in 1866, 1868 and 1870, serving through the three sessions on the Committees on Post Offices, Militia, Naval Affairs, War Debts and Rules. Before taking his seat, after his last election, he was chosen United States Senator to succeed the late Jacob M. Howard, for the term ending 1877. Last Winter he was Chairman of the Committee on Rules, and a member of the Committees on Finance and Post Offices. At the close of the session last March he was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate; and now, according to the Constitution, he is virtually the Vice-President of the United States.

HON. HIRAM CALKINS,
CANDIDATE FOR CLERK OF THE U. S.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MR. CALKINS is a native of Wyoming County, N. Y., and is now in his forty-second year.

In 1859 he resided in New York city, and filled a position on the *Herald*. As correspondent of that journal at Albany during the Legislative Session of 1860, his letters soon attracted universal attention by his spicy exposure of the inside workings of the Legislature. He gave the name of "Gridiron" to the city railroad legislation of that session. He was legislative correspondent of the *Herald* for four succeeding sessions.

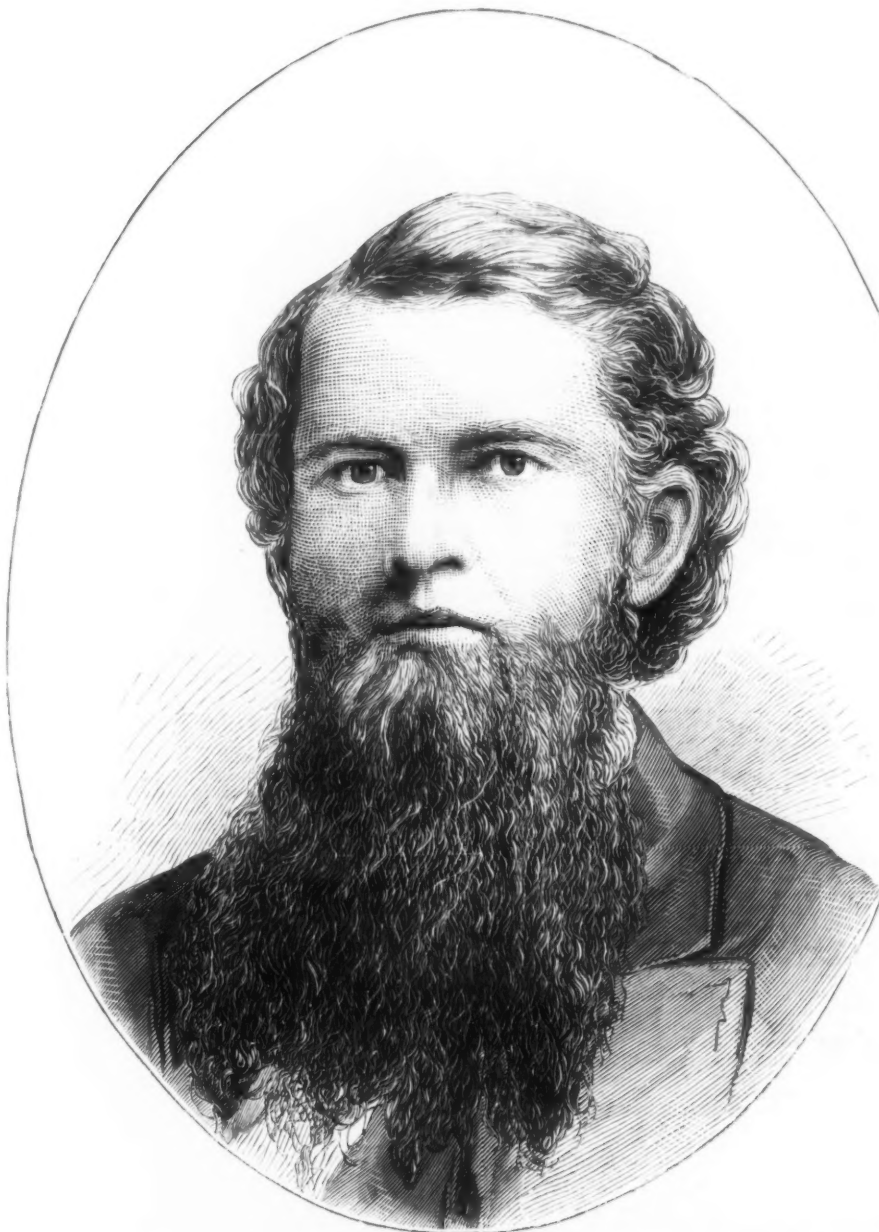
In the Fall of 1864 Mr. Bennett sent Mr. Calkins to Washington to represent the New York *Herald* at the National Capitol, where he soon established confidential relations with the President and members of the Cabinet, and for a long time was the only correspondent whom Secretary Stanton would communicate with. He had free access to Mr. Stanton's office at all times, and was in Washington at the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, who invited Mr. Calkins the previous evening, while on a visit to the White House, to accompany him to the theatre on the eventful night. He was present at the death of Mr. Lincoln, and telegraphed an account nine columns in length.

In the Fall of 1866 Mr. Calkins severed his connection with the *Herald*, and associated himself with the New York *World*, when he was elected Clerk of the Senate. At the session of the Legislature of 1866 he went to Albany as the representative of the *World*, making the session memorable by his exposure of the Canal Ring.

Soon after the death of Miles O'Reilly in the Fall of 1869, Mr. Calkins became editor of the New York *Citizen*, and exhibited rare journalistic talent in conducting that paper.

He held the position of Clerk of the Senate during Governor Hoffman's administration, discharging its duties with distinguished ability, exhibiting an executive capacity far beyond the anticipations of his most sanguine friends.

At the close of his official term as Clerk of the



HON. THOMAS W. FERRY, OF MICHIGAN, ACTING VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. THORPE, ARTIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Senate in 1871, a testimonial was presented him by the Senate, and the following resolutions unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That Hiram Calkins, the Clerk of this Senate, by his uniform courtesy and kindness to all, and efficiency in the discharge of the difficult duties of his office, has commended himself to our confidence and esteem; and as our official relations are about to be severed, we tender to him our best wishes for his future health and happiness."

The Constitutional Convention of 1873 was composed of an equal number of Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Calkins was unanimously elected Clerk of that body, receiving the vote of both parties. At the close of its session the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That Hiram Calkins, the Clerk of this Commission, is entitled to the thanks and approval of this Commission for his faithful, accurate and efficient service as Clerk thereof; for his genial and gentlemanly deportment toward the members of this Commission; and we hereby tender him our sincere regard, and among the pleasant recollections of this Commission will be the efficient aid we have received from, and our pleasant associations with him."

In January last he was elected Clerk to the Assembly, thus performing service in both branches of the State Government.

As the Legislature was about being adjourned, Mr. Husted, the Speaker, offered the following:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Assembly are due and are hereby tendered to Hiram Calkins, Esq., for the intelligent, faithful and courteous manner in which he has discharged the arduous and responsible duties of Clerk of this House."

Mr. Calkins is a thorough gentleman, has a voice of remarkable clearness and range, and has made himself popular with the members of all political parties. Industrious, painstaking, accommodating, and eminently reliable as a public officer, and possessing a very comprehensive knowledge of State and National legislation and politics, he is the most eligible candidate for Clerk to the Forty-fourth Congress.

CAPTAIN WARNECK'S REVOLVING
CABLE SCREW.

It is evident that if sailing-vessels could be provided with a light, economical and not unwieldy motive-power, they would resume a considerable place in the merchant service alongside of the steamers which have so largely been substituted for them. This is the problem which Captain Warneck proposes to solve. His system of a revolvable screw, exhibited at the Maritime and Fluvial Exposition in the Palace of Industry at Paris, consists of a strong vertical frame, at the lower extremity of which is set a screw, A. When it is to be operated, this mechanism is kept immersed in a rigid position by four iron arms of motion-

rod, fixed on one hand to the ribs of the vessel at the points O and P; on the other, to the points E, F, taken on both sides, and at different heights of the frame.

But, when the wind being favorable or the ship being in port, the use of the screw is no longer necessary, the system is lifted by means of a windlass worked by hand, and the chain of which raises the arm B to the point M. The arm pivots on an axis fixed at the point O in the rear of the vessel, and the point M describes in space the small arc MM. This manœuvre moves the frame and its screw, the core of which describes the large arc AA, while the piece HI rises following the arc HH. What takes place with the arms B and C is at the same time produced with the arms corresponding to them on the other side of the frame. The entire apparatus raised up is kept in the position indicated by the unshaded parts of the design, by means of iron hand-grips and joint-pins, which secure stability.

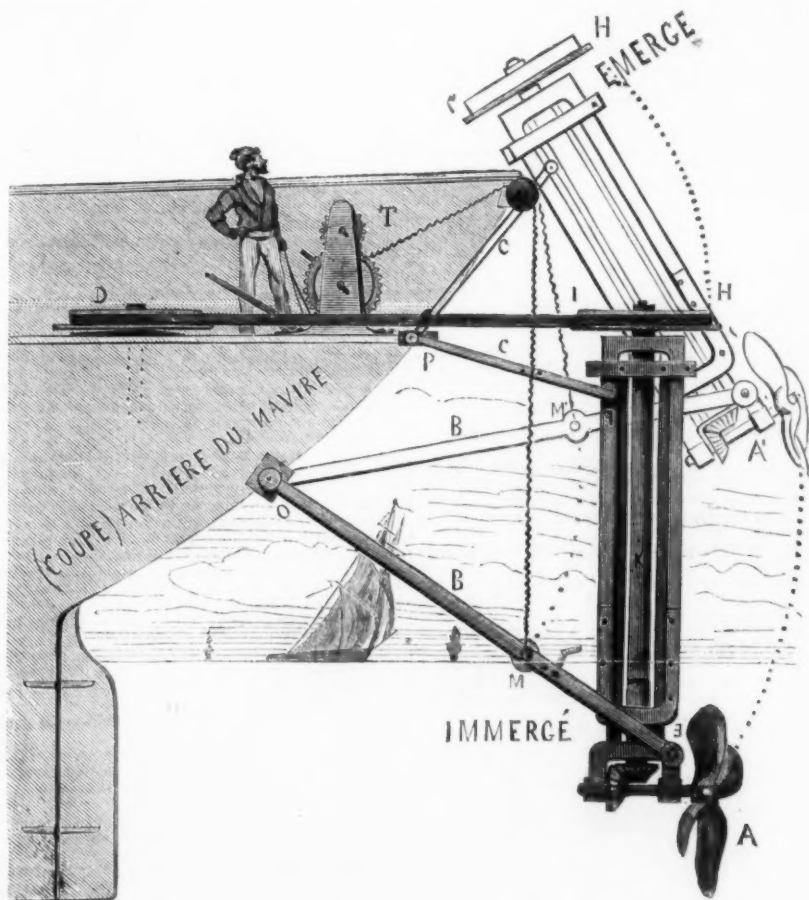
As will be seen, this apparatus is simple in its arrangement as in its operation. It weighs 350 kilogrammes for a ship of 200 tons, and can be immersed or raised by a single man in less than five minutes. An experiment with it at Nantes on a ponton of 175 tons gave promising results by realizing a speed of about three knots an hour. Shipowners and captains of vessels are thus greatly interested in examining and making trial of Captain Warneck's Revolvable Screw, which will enable them to obtain a certain regularity in their operations, to diminish their expenses, and to follow the narrow channels of, for instance, the Suez Canal, and of other straits now necessarily interdicted to sailing-vessels.

On the other hand, underwriters, aware that the terrible hurricanes of the south of Asia and of Africa are generally preceded by calms, which hold ships motionless near coasts or in dangerous latitudes, must be no less deeply interested in the adoption of any propelling system which shall permit vessels to profit by a forced calm to escape from the coast and get safely out to sea.

OUR COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY
FLAGS.

IN the beginning of the Revolution a variety of flags was displayed in the revolted colonies. The "Union flags," mentioned so frequently in the newspapers of 1774, were the ordinary English ensigns, bearing the Union Jack. These generally bore some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," "Liberty and Property," "Liberty and Union," etc.

It is uncertain what flag, if any, was used by the Americans at Bunker Hill. That displayed by Putnam on Prospect Hill, on July 18th following, was red, with *Qui Transiit sustinet* on one side, and on the other, "An Appeal to Heaven." The first armed vessels commissioned by Washington sailed under the pine-tree flag, a white flag bearing a green pine-tree. The first republican flag unfurled in the Southern States, blue with a white crescent in the upper corner next to the staff, was designed by Colonel William Moultrie, of Charleston, at the request of the Council of Safety, and was hoisted on the fortifications of that city in September, 1775. The flag displayed on the east bastion of Fort Sullivan, afterwards called Moultrie, on June 28th, 1776, was the same, with the word "Liberty" on it. On the west bastion waved the flag called the "great union," first raised by Washington at Cambridge, January 2d, 1776. This consisted of the thirteen alternate red and white stripes of the present flag of the United States, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned on the blue canton in place of the stars. This flag was carried also by the fleet under command of Commodore Esek Hopkins, when it sailed from the Delaware Capes, February 17th, 1776. Hopkins had displayed



MARITIME AND FLUVIAL EXPOSITION AT THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, PARIS.—CAPTAIN WARNECK'S REVOLVING SCREW FOR SAILING-VESSELS.



HON. HIRAM CALKINS, OF NEW YORK, CANDIDATE FOR CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

previously a yellow ensign, bearing the device of a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking, with the motto "Don't Tread on Me." The official origin of the "grand union" flag is involved in obscurity. At the time of its adoption at Cambridge, the colonies still acknowledged the legal rights of the mother-country, and therefore retained the blended crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, changing only the field of the old ensign for the thirteen stripes, emblematic of their union. After the Declaration of Independence, the emblems of British union became inappropriate, but they were retained in the flag until the following year. Congress resolved, on June 14th, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."—*Appleton's American Encyclopedia*, revised edition.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

"Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun,
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And 'built upon the sand.'"

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things,
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest and own
'Tis 'built upon the sand.'"

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stop not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those that talk, yet fail to do,
But 'build upon the sand.'"

WHILE THE ÆGEAN GLOWS.

(Concluded.)

"MY head aches, father dear. I wish thee good-night," whispered Idolante Xapili to the old prince who was sitting under the great cypress with Horace Drinkwater, in the cool of the evening; the table between them spread with fruit, champagne-bottles, and, notably, the big Florentine goblet, out of which Andreas Xapili relished his wine with most perfect satisfaction.

"Tut, tut, tut; art thou tired already, my child? I have not heard thy zithern all day."

"You shall hear it from my room, father," replied Idolante, gently.

"Good, good, my child; go sleep if thou wilt; only play 'O Aggelos ton Hellenon,' and leave thy window open while thou playest."

Idolante bent down to kiss the old Greek's face, and clasped his hand, just as it was reaching out to the goblet, in both her own.

"Good-night, father dear."

Andreas Xapili gazed up in the lovely face, and distinguished such an expression of pain in the marvelous eyes, that he momentarily forgot his wine.

"Nay, never mind thy zithern. The day has been too warm for thee. Bless the, my child, go and sleep."

He touched her head with his hand affectionately; held up his face for another kiss, and then, as Idolante turned away, hid half his countenance in the capacious goblet.

A few minutes later the tinkle of a zithern flowed out softly from the casement above where they sat.

"Ah—h!" breathed out the prince, in a prolonged sigh of satisfaction, nodding his head in time to the music.

"Ah—h!" echoed Horace Drinkwater, filling the glasses afresh and toasting "Free Greece," which Xapili honored by draining his to the bottom.

Prince Xapili's and Horace Drinkwater's voices rang out more and more convivially—the latter's oddly reckless Italian halting at neither grammar nor patois, but using or defying both with the unconcern of a man who felt fastidiousness drowned in the bowl. Warm by his generous libations, old Andreas expatiated with unctious on many a scene of his campaigning days; touched almost incautiously, more than once, on doings of his that had reference to the appropriation of cargoes in neutral bottoms, of carousals on wines upon which foreign offices paid the insurance; and the more questionable incident in its morality, the louder, longer, heartier Horace Drinkwater laughed.

"Bene bene, Principe; ben' fato, corpo!" and up the glasses would be filled to the brim, and something higher.

Louder still grew the fun, and the yachtsman dashed off into Dibdin's song, "Ye Mariners of England," while the wine-subdued Greek flourished his hands to the ballad which he firmly believed to be the English national anthem. In the midst of the noise the tinkling of Idolante's zithern ceased.

Shortly afterwards Morton Pascoe and Manvers Drinkwater issued from the vine-covered doorway in the northeastern tower of the castle, and, after a word or two exchanged, the former joined the carousers while the latter strolled along the paths of the garden, nearly hidden by the intervening shrubs. Prince Xapili scarcely spared them a glance, so enthusiastically was he seconding Horace Drinkwater's efforts in behalf of melody. A meaning look passed between the lieutenant and the Englishman.

"I have come to wish you good-night, Prince Xapili. Manvers and I intend crossing your island and returning on board by the strand. The view of Archopterix by starlight is one I have yet to take."

"Tut, tut, tut, Excellentissime Signor; sit down and talk; sit down and drink!" cried old Andreas; and then he caroled huskily:

"Vin dolce, bella figlia
Mi pa balzar, mi pa balzar."

Sit down and drink. Where is the 'bambino'? Let

him sit down and drink, too. *Vin dolce, bella figlia.*

Tut, tut, tut; sit down and drink!"

Finding Morton immovable by his seductions, the prince turned once more to Horace, and the Florentine goblet was soon creaming over again with "Vine Cliquot."

Had the proprietor of Archopterix been able to see through his dwelling-house, he would have beheld something that must have "given him pause," as Shakespeare puts it; for while one Manvers Drinkwater was gradually disappearing in company with Lieutenant Pascoe amidst the chestnut-trees on the slope of the cone, another Manvers Drinkwater was gradually disappearing down the declivity that led to the mole. However, the body of the castle shut out all view of this duplication of the midshipman, and when the flask was empty Horace Drinkwater rose, whereupon Prince Xapili clasped him ecstatically in his arms; offered him free quarters at Xapilopolis, bed, board and the run of the cellar for ever and ever.

"You are a man with a palm of gold, a heart of diamond, and a head of steel," vociferated old Andreas, and then proceeded to accompany his guest to the covered way under the bastion, talking treason as hard as he could, and offering to declare Archopterix a British dependency and make it a second Gibraltar—for a consideration. At the moment of parting a dry, hot puff of air set his white and black locks streaming behind him, and he became suddenly silent, looking up at the sky with half-drunken gravity. "My friend," he then exclaimed, as he held up one hand to feel the current of air, "a Levanter is going to blow before daylight; you will do well to get your schooner closer in. There is room for her to bring up at the mole, inside the palacca, and there you will ride out in safety the strongest gale that blows."

Horace Drinkwater scanned the blue sky where the stars kept twinkling out more thickly as minute by minute the darkness deepened.

"Thank you, prince, thank you," he responded, and as he strode off muttered to himself, "He is as drunk as a camel. A Levanter, indeed. There is as much appearance of wind as there is of snow. Too-ra-loo-ra-li, too-ra-loo-ra-lid-dity. I wonder what the old buffer will think of it in the morning. Levanter! Yes, by the immortal Dooley, he'll find out there has been a Levanter in his own shanty. Too-ra-loo-ra-li, too-ra-loo-ra-lid-dity;" and so the bibulous Briton went down the hill.

Once more stillness settled down upon the islet; a hot, close stillness, only monotonously interrupted by the circumference of sound caused by the advance and retreat of the sea on the strand. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and the *calactea* spread its broad curtain of misty light all across the heavens. Upon the very apex of Archopterix stood two persons looking down over the gardens of the castle to where the rays of the lighthouse-lantern shone upon the hulls and spars of the vessels lying off the mole. One of the vessels, the schooner, carried a light at the mast-head. The two persons were Lieutenant Morton Pascoe and Midshipman Manvers Drinkwater, to judge by the attire of the second, which, in reality, disguised Idolante Xapili.

"Why do you tremble, dearest? Not with fear, for there is no danger; and not with regret, is it? Say you do not regret exchanging the home you have left there, Idolante, for the home here, in my heart."

"No, no. I do not regret; but look not too deeply into my heart yet, Morton; it is full of love to thee—oh, so full. But present pain makes the love sad; its happiness is with thee; its sorrow, down there where the old man is sleeping his last night's sleep of peace. Ah, Morton, let me feel thy arm round me; there is no shelter for me now except the shelter of thy love."

"Dear privilege of mine to shelter thee, Idolante," said Morton Pascoe, pressing the agitated girl in his arms. "With the sunshine all thy troubles will melt away even as the darkness does from the face of the sea. It looks mournful now; remember at sunset to-day how it glowed, and so again will glow when night is over."

"It was over the glowing sea my love stole to thee, Morton, when I sat looking from the window wondering—wondering, hoping. Ah, did I not say it over and over to myself, tossing rose-leaves to the wind for luck, Sail my thoughts in a rose-leaf bark while the Ægean glows? Did they never reach thee, those loving thoughts, Morton?"

"They met mine half way, Idolante, and—Ah!" he interrupted himself, abruptly. "There goes the light down from the *Druid*. Now, dear love, we shall soon be free."

Sustaining his companion with his right arm, Morton Pascoe led her carefully down the eastern declivity of the islet until the strand was reached, where the yacht's boat landed him upon the night of his irruption into Prince Xapili's tomatoes. Like a black speck the little dinghee that usually awaited for Horace Drinkwater to scull himself ashore in lay awaiting them at the water's edge with one of the yacht's boys in charge.

"Push her off, my lad, and get her afloat," said the lieutenant; then, as the wee cockleshell moved, he lifted Idolante in his arms, and stepping into the water, deposited her gently in the boat's stern. He had not time to enter it himself before a violent and sudden gust of wind blew the dinghee broadside on, and grounded her on the sands.

Prince Xapili was quite right in his prediction—it was the first sign of the Levanter.

Morton Pascoe soon pushed the boat afloat again, but could do no more before a more violent blast than the first broke upon them, and, passing them by, swept over the trees on the islet, swaying their branches wildly. The lieutenant stood still, up to his knees in water, gazing steadily at the line of the horizon. A third blast, fiercer, longer, cooler than the previous one, drove in, and once again the dinghee was driven aground.

"Jump out quickly, my lad, and hold on to the dinghee while I lift the lady out," cried the lieutenant, forgetful of the very unfeminine appearance of Idolante. "It is coming on to blow hard from the eastward; the schooner will never be able to work up to us; we must hasten round by the strand, Idolante, before Drinkwater weighs in, if we can. We could not get over the reef in the dinghee without being capsized. Here it comes again; look out for the boat, my lad."

He caught up Idolante in his arms and lifted her to the shore just as the Levanter poured, in a continued, screaming rush, out of the cloudless heavens. They could scarcely stand erect before its strength, and the cap Idolante wore was whirled from her head and borne away like a feather.

"Heaven is angry, Morton," murmured the poor girl as she clung to her protector.

"It will be good-tempered before morning, dearest," answered the lieutenant, with affected gaiety; "these Levanters never last long." But, in reality, Morton Pascoe was terribly disconcerted. The *Druid* might probably be blown out of sight before morning. Idolante's evasion would surely be discovered before long, and the probability of reaching the mole in time to get on board the yacht was worse than slender; still it was their best chance, so after hauling up the dinghee the three started off along the strand. The furious wind drenched them

with the spray of the sea, but they struggled on, staggering half-bent to escape as much of its fury as possible. At last the northern end of the islet was turned, a narrow reef ran out from it in an easterly direction and the sea was foaming over it; one glance was enough for Morton; dark as it was, his eyes distinguished the *Druid* standing off the island to the northward.

"It isn't his fault," he muttered; "there was no help for it." So drawing his companion's arm more tightly within his own, he added: "We must wait, dear love, till the wind moderates; the schooner will stand in then, and we may reach her in the dinghee."

Under the best shelter they could find, Idolante and Morton sat out the hours of darkness while the unrelenting gale churned up the sea into one turbulent expanse of foaming billows. Turn by turn every expedient was discussed with a view to Idolante's return to her home pending a more favorable opportunity for escape, but her male attire frustrated them all.

At daybreak the strength of the gale was over; it yet blew very hard, but steadily—a sure prognostic that by noon the previous calm would reign again. Idolante looked worn out with anxiety and fatigue, but wonderfully beautiful in spite of her abnormal attire and the sailor-boy's red night-cap, underneath which her long hair was gathered up.

Just as the first flushes of the sunrise began to tinge the eastern sky a prolonged ringing made itself heard from the castle-bell, which hung in the belfry of the southern tower. For a few moments Idolante listened in silence; gradually her eyes assumed an expression of eager intelligence, and, springing to her feet, she clasped Morton Pascoe's arm.

"Oh, take me away at once, Morton!" she cried, with trembling earnestness; "they have discovered my flight; that is the alarm-bell: take me away, Morton; do not let my father find me thus."

"Stay here, darling, while I go to the summit," replied he, hastily; "from there I can see if there be any signs of a search. It may not be what you say; and at this early hour I hardly think it possible."

Keeping well amongst the trees, Pascoe soon gained the top of the island, and, while stooping down to hide himself, was at no pains to discover symptoms of movement on the part of the inhabitants of the castle. The tall figure of Andreas Xapili was visible stamping about the gardens, and several of his attendants scattered here and there about the walks. Along the path leading from the mole, too, forms were visible ascending to the castle, and still the bell rang out jingle, jangle—jingle, jangle; clearly the hive was disturbed, and the bees were on the wing. The lieutenant hurried down to where Idolante stood, in nervous agitation.

"I fear you guessed the truth, my own love; but keep a brave heart; they will think we are on board the schooner, and we shall get out safely, after all, in the dinghee, for no one will think of searching for us on this side."

The boy whom Pascoe had stationed to watch for the *Druid* now came running down from his post on a bluff, and cried out:

"I see the schooner, sir; she is standing in from the northward; and the palacca is getting under way at the mole."

The palacca? Morton Pascoe had not thought of her; but it now flashed upon him that their position might be rendered doubly precarious if Andreas Xapili availed himself of his brig to overhaul the yacht. He said nothing, however, but desired Idolante stay in the concealment of the trees, and himself crept round the slope of the islet to observe the exact position of the *Druid*. The schooner's white sails had just caught the sunbeams, and her black hull rose and sank on the rolling waves; she was about eight miles distant; on the port tack, under main and foresails and jib.

With longing eyes he watched the little craft, not heeding that the bell of the castle had ceased tolling, looking round occasionally to wave his hand encouragingly to Idolante, whose red cap he could just distinguish amongst the leaves. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed thus; the yacht came on tearing her way through the water, until the distance between her and Archopterix was lessened one-half. Then he turned to look down to where the dinghee lay. Dared he yet venture out in her with Idolante? Alone he would not have hesitated a moment. Fear was an emotion that Morton Pascoe knew nothing of, on his own account; but he could even fear where Idolante Xapili was concerned. Again his eyes turned northward to watch the yacht; there she was, driving a cloud of spray up to the head-cloths of her foresail, and—lying so as to cut her course at right angles—there, too, was the palacca, her yards braced sharp up on the starboard tack, rolling a wave of foam away from her forefoot.

"Hang it!" muttered the lieutenant, clinching his two fists tightly.

As the two vessels were sailing on the lines of an angle towards a common apex, they neared each other rapidly, and, with compressed lips, Morton Pascoe watched them. Time passed, and less than half a mile separated the graceful yacht from the bulkier, square-rigged palacca.

"What in the name of heaven is he about?" cried the lieutenant, aloud. "Surely he must guess they have found us out here, and that the palacca is after him. My life to a rotten orange the fool means to pass astern of the brig, and does not see that she will go round at once and have him dead to leeward; and then the schooner will not be able to weather that reef, without standing out again. God of heaven! if only one of our fellows had the tiler that that ass of an Englishman is gripping."

In his desperation, Morton Pascoe ground the heel of his shoe into the turf.

Nearer and nearer yet the vessels closed; they seemed actually touching, at a distance.

"My God!" groaned the lieutenant, utterly aghast at what appeared inevitable; "Drinkwater is trying to cross her hawse; the schooner will be out in two as sure as—" His voice dropped; the canvas of the palacca shut out the schooner from view; then the latter shot into sight again.

"Were they in collision? Yes; no; yes—"

With a sudden drag the main, fore and jib sheets on board the *Druid* were flattened in, just as the last affirmative burst from Morton Pascoe's quivering lips; shooting up to the wind with a dart, like that of a bonito, the yacht plunged for full her own length clear in front of the palacca, which was already as close hauled as she could lie, and the next moment, as the schooner's helm was put up, the sheets were slackened off, and in she came, bowling towards the island like a bird.

"Splendid! Glorious!" shouted Morton Pascoe, waving his hands frantically. "Living man could not beat that; and speeding down from the bluff, he never slackened his pace until he rejoined Idolante."

"We are safe, my darling," he exclaimed, as he pressed her in his arms; "but there is not a moment to lose. The yacht is close in—we must go off in the boat."

Idolante said nothing; pale, sad and terrified, she yielded herself up to her lover's guidance, and with him regained the strand. The dinghee was

speedily drawn, down from where it had been hauled, to the water; the boy was bringing the oars, and Morton Pascoe encouraging the beautiful girl by pointing out the *Druid*, which, well off the reef, was showing her bright copper sheathing as she leaned over to the wind, when shouting voices made themselves heard at no great distance, and upon turning their heads, both the lovers beheld a party of Greeks running towards them from the northern head of the islet. They had evidently come round by the strand from the mole, probably to watch the yacht.

"Saint Andreas defend us, it is Alexis Krissi!" gasped Idolante.

Morton Pascoe did not wait to deliberate; catching her up in his strong arms, and calling loudly to the boy, he made for the dinghee, deposited the terrified maiden on a thwart, tossed the boy in as though he were a bundle of clothes, and giving the little craft a shove to send her afloat, tumbled in himself over the gunwale, wet to the waist.

"Here is one of 'them' speronares coming across the reef, sir," said the boy, just as the lieutenant had settled to the oars. Sure enough, there was, with a dozen men in her, at least. The long latteen sail was lowered, the yard sticking out six feet over the stem, and four heavy sweeps urged the boat through the water over the reef.

"If she only would ground there!" muttered Pascoe, dragging away at the useless little sculls of the dinghee with might and main; "there can't be more than a few inches of water where they are."

But the speronare did not ground, and would manifestly cut them off before they reached the *Druid*.

"Hurrah, sir; they know what is up on board the schooner; she has rounded to, and I see them gitting the gig into the water."

"Here, you scull the dinghee," said the lieutenant, without replying to the boy's remark, "and let me look out for these fellows. Idolante, my love, sit in the bottom of the boat, here; we shall be safe in a minute or two."

Each complied with his instruction, and then the American steadied himself, while the boat rocked under its new mode of progression, with one knee on the after-thwart, gazing at the approaching speronare with an ugly look in his eyes that boded no good to whose should step between him and his purpose. In a short time the speronare was within a few yards of him, and one of her crew stood up with a boat-hook which he thrust out to secure the dinghee. Pascoe's hand glided inside the breast of his rough pea-jacket.

"Keep back there, you fellows!" he called out in English, feeling sure his tone would convey the meaning if the words did not.

A clamor of voices answered him, and the iron of the boat-hook fell on the gunwale of the dinghee.

"Guarda!" cried Pascoe, leveling a pistol straight at the head of the man who held the boat-hook. The latter raised the implement and made a blow at the American, which struck him on the side of the head. He never made another, but fell back stone-dead; the bullet from Pascoe's pistol passed completely through his head.

"Scull away, my lad!" cried the lieutenant, coolly drawing another pistol; "the *Druids* will be here directly."

The men in the speronare seemed exasperated to frenzy; those at the oars commenced to pull after the little dinghee, while four or five, drawing their yataghans, clambered forward to the bow. A very few strokes of the powerful sweeps sent the large boat up alongside of its tiny antagonist, and one tall, sunburnt Greek reached over and grasped its stern. Promptly enough, the boy raised his scull and dealt the meddling fingers a blow with it that once more freed the dinghee. Other hands replaced the first, however, and the little boat swayed dangerously, threatening to capsize.

Again a pistol-shot rang out, and another Greek fell back writhing on the flooring of the speronare, and then Pascoe swung the second scull round his head, and by one sweeping blow drove back those of his enemies who appeared to be contemplating an irruption into the dinghee.

Not one moment too soon the long gig of the *Druid* shot up alongside of the speronare, and in an inconceivably short space of time the purple-flushed face of Horace Drinkwater, crowned with a red night-cap, showed itself, in company with his similarly capped crew, in the very speronare itself. In one hand he grasped a short club, but the men had only their fists, and with those weapons alone the Greeks were ignominiously put to rout.

Half an hour later the *Druid* was under a cloud of white canvas, heading S. S. W., on her voyage to Malta.

In that island, Morton Pascoe and Idolante Xapili became man and wife. Idolante Pascoe has never seen the Ægean since, and she is now a grand-looking mother of generations; but Archopterix still shines like a fairy islet while the Ægean glows.

DEATH AND OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE

VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON.

THE flags are at half-mast all over the land, and the nation mourns for one of her foremost sons. Henry Wilson, the elected Vice-President of the United States, is dead. But the general grief is not for the loss of a Vice-President. The laws of the land provide for the assumption of the duties of that position by other hands, and the routine of official business will flow on uninterrupted. The deep-seated sorrow that pervades the community is for the loss of the man—the man who so eminently fitted the position—the man who was greater than the office. The place he occupied in public affairs cannot be filled by legislative enactment.

The career of Henry Wilson was pre-eminently a characteristic example of the capabilities of our republican institutions. He was one of the people, and grew up from a class that in no other country would have the slightest chance of reaching exalted political station. His youthful struggles, his indomitable perseverance in overcoming the difficulties of poverty and lack of early education, gave him an added dignity in the eyes of the American people. He himself had a conscious pride in the vindication of manhood in his own case, and although he seldom referred to the events of his early life, yet when he did he betrayed no false shame of his humble origin. On one memorable occasion he uttered a most eloquent rebuke to the spirit that would plant in this country a reverence for wealth and station at the sacrifice of respect for the true democratic principles to which our nation owes so much of its greatness. In 1858, in reply to the famous "mud-sill" speech of Governor Hammond of South Carolina, he said:

"Sir, I am the son of a hiring manual laborer, who, with the frost of seventy winters on his brow, 'lives by daily labor.' I, too, have 'lived by daily labor.' I, too, have been a 'hiring manual laborer.' Poverty cast its dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood, and want was sometimes there—an unbidden guest. At the

age of ten years—to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt spectre from the hearth of the mother who bore me—I left the home of my boyhood and went forth to earn my bread by 'daily labor.'"

Mr. Wilson was a sincere patriot, a true reformer, an able statesman, and a man of sterling integrity. His country may be truly proud of him as a thoroughly representative American, and the honors now being paid to his memory show in what close sympathy with his own heart was that of his countrymen, and how deep and universal is the public sorrow at his death.

We present this week illustrations of the closing scene of the great man's life, and the ceremonies attending his funeral. He died quietly at the Capitol, on Monday morning, November 22d, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock. On Wednesday, November 10th, the Vice-President was taken seriously ill while in the barber-shop of the Senate Chamber at the Capitol. He was removed to the Judge's private room in the Supreme Court as soon as possible, and during the afternoon, by order of his physicians, the Vice-President's room at the Capitol was arranged for his reception, and he was conveyed to it. Here he remained until his death. Serious fears were at first apprehended that he would soon pass away, but as he rapidly continued to improve, hopes were entertained that his useful life might long be spared.

On Sunday, November 21st, the patient was not quite so well as on several days previous, though his condition was not such as to give any uneasiness to himself or his physicians. At eight o'clock in the evening he signified his readiness to be prepared for sleep. His attendants, Messrs. S. A. Boyden, Lieutenant of the Capitol Police, and Mr. Wood, then gently rubbed and manipulated his feet, limbs and back as usual, at intervals, until half-past nine o'clock. During the process, Mr. Wilson was very cheerful, and said he felt uncommonly well. At 9:30 he fell asleep, and between that hour and midnight waked only once, took a drink of ice-water, and slept almost instantly. At midnight he got up and walked around the room; then, going to his table, took up a little book of poems entitled "The Changed Cross," with the motto, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," and read three verses from it.

This volume belonged to his wife, and contained a photograph of her and their son, both deceased. He treasured it beyond value, and made it a companion, from which he seemed to derive much comfort. After reading the verses, he spoke with gratitude of the kindness of his friends during his sickness, and of the widespread sympathy in his behalf. He then returned to bed in a happy mood. Between the time of his going to sleep again and three o'clock he gave no sign of waking except once, when in a half-conscious, slumbering condition, he asked the attendant to pull up the bedclothes a little. At 3 A.M. he awoke and had Boyden rub his breast; dropped asleep again very soon, and slept till almost precisely seven o'clock, when he awoke, remarking that he felt brighter and better than at any time previously. He said that he was going to ride out that day, as his physician Dr. Baxter, advised him to do so if the weather was fair. Mr. Wood coming in at this moment, was privately consulted by Mr. Boyden as to the advisability of communicating to the Vice-President the news of Senator O. S. Ferry's death, and they decided it would be best to mention the fact, because Mr. Wilson would be certain to read it in the newspapers a few minutes later. They accordingly introduced the subject of Mr. Ferry's illness, and mentioned the morning's news of his fatal termination. The Vice-President was prepared for it, and expressed no surprise, but said, "Poor Ferry, he has been a great sufferer." He then proceeded to speak of Senator Ferry's political services in terms of high commendation, characterizing him as an able, active, and useful man. He also talked about Mr. Ferry's early life and about his election, and added, "That makes eighty-three dead with whom I have sat in the Senate. What a record! I don't think any man now living can say the same, unless, perhaps, it is Hamlin of Maine. If I live to the end of my present term I shall be the sixth in the history of the country who have served so long a time." Mr. Boyden says that the Vice-President, after making the remarks previously narrated about his good night's rest, etc., looked up with a cheerful smile and playfully said to him: "I'm a pretty bright-looking boy this morning, ain't I?" At twenty minutes past seven o'clock he said he would get up and take breakfast. He then called for bitter-water (which had heretofore been prescribed), and having drunk it, he laid with his left side on the pillow as if with sudden exhaustion, breathing heavily, but uttering no words, and in a few minutes died without a struggle. His death coming but a few minutes after all those evidences of remarkable improvement as to rapid recovery, could not at first be realized by his attendants, and it was not until the arrival of Dr. C. M. Ford, who resides in the neighborhood, and was instantly sent for, that the melancholy fact found any credence. In a short time there were thousands of mournful hearts. At the Senate Chamber, where the dead statesman lay, all was quiet. Friends came in softly, and heard from the lips of those who waited upon the Vice-President the particulars of his last moments, and how he passed away without a near friend by his bedside and without any warning.

After a post-mortem examination the remains were embalmed and laid in the Vice-President's Room, on a catafalque occupying the place where the writing-table stood at which he did all his work. The body was subsequently removed to the Rotunda of the Capitol, where it laid in state.

The funeral services took place in the Senate Chamber at half-past ten on Friday morning. The Senate Chamber was heavily draped in mourning, and immediately in front of the Vice-President's table the catafalque was placed. The desks having all been removed from the chamber, seats were arranged on the floor for the President and Cabinet, Supreme Court, members of Senate and House of Representatives, and other prominent persons.

At 10:15 the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, headed by Mr. Middleton, their clerk, entered, and were assigned to the front seats on the right of the Vice-President's desk. At 10:22 the body was taken from the Rotunda to the Senate Chamber, preceded by Rev. Dr. Sunderland, Chaplain of the Senate, Sergeant-at-Arms French, the Committee of Arrangements, and the pallbearers, and followed by the relatives of the deceased—among them his brother, Mr. Colbath, and wife.

The casket was carried by twelve soldiers, and as soon as it was placed on the catafalque prepared for its reception, two privates of the Marine Corps, in full uniform, took position at the head and foot, and stood "at rest" throughout the entire service. Numerous crosses and crowns of white flowers were placed on the coffin, having been sent to the Capitol by various friends of the deceased. Soon after the casket was placed on the catafalque, the President, accompanied by Secretaries Fish, Bristow, Belknap, Robeson and Chandler, entered, and were assigned to the front row

of seats, opposite to those occupied by the Judges of the Supreme Court, all of whom were clad in their robes of office.

The empty chair of the Vice-President was heavily draped in mourning. Hon. T. W. Ferry, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, occupied a seat at the Clerk's desk. All things being in readiness, Mr. Ferry announced that appropriate services would be performed. Rev. Dr. Sunderland then read some brief selections from Scriptures, after which Rev. D. J. E. Rankin delivered a discourse.

At the conclusion of the address, Rev. Dr. Sunderland offered an appropriate prayer, and pronounced the benediction. The casket was then closed, and the funeral procession proceeded to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad.

The streets along the route of the procession were thronged with spectators, who stood patiently in the cold, drizzling rain, to see it pass, and during prayers guns were fired, and the bells of the churches tolled throughout the city. At the depot the remains were committed by Senator Sherman, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to the charge of the Massachusetts committee, which started for Baltimore at 1:37 P.M.

The train bearing the remains of the late Vice-President arrived at Baltimore at 3:11 P.M. A military escort was in waiting, and conveyed the body to the City Hall, where it arrived at four o'clock, and laid in state until half-past five, when the casket was closed, and the line of march again formed. The procession marched to the Calvert Street depot, where the corpse was placed on the train, which left for Philadelphia at 6:25.

The train arrived at Wilmington, Del., about nine o'clock in the evening, where it was met by a delegation of Philadelphia City Councils, headed by Mayor Stokely. The casket was in the forward car, and was under the immediate charge of Mr. James I. Christy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, and was accompanied by a guard of honor of United States Marines, who, by order of the President, were to proceed to Boston with the remains and deliver them in charge of Governor Gaston. The train arrived at Philadelphia about half-past ten o'clock, and a procession was formed, which escorted the remains to Independence Hall. The body was taken into the hall, and placed upon the catafalque prepared for its reception.

At six o'clock on Saturday morning the lid was removed from the coffin, the doors opened, and the public passed through the hall to view the remains. At eleven o'clock an immense procession was formed, consisting of military and civic bodies, and the various delegations that accompanied the body, and the line of march was taken up for the New York depot.

The train left Philadelphia at two o'clock, and arrived in Jersey City shortly after five o'clock. In New York the remains were met at Cortlandt Street Ferry by the procession that was to escort it through the city. The parade moved through Cortlandt Street, Broadway, Fourteenth Street, Fifth Avenue, and Forty-second Street to the Grand Central Depot, which was reached at seven o'clock. The remains were then placed in a special car and in the custody of a committee of Boston officials. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with spectators, the sidewalks of Broadway being nearly impassable for five hours.

The body arrived in Boston on Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and was received with appropriate ceremonies. It lay in state in Doric Hall, and it is estimated that between fifteen and twenty thousand persons viewed the remains before the doors were closed in the evening.

From Boston the remains were taken to Natick, where they arrived at 9:30 A.M., on Monday. The funeral services took place on Wednesday, December 1st, at 1 P.M.

THE GAS GUN FOR FOG SIGNALS.

MR. WIGHAM has made a very ingenious application of the explosive nature of a mixture of ordinary gas in air. He establishes, at any point on the coast where a fog signal is desired, a gas gun. It is simply a tube of iron, connected with the gas-holder by the proper pipe; the latter, of course, may be at any convenient distance. The gas-holder is filled with a mixture of one-fourth air, and the remainder coal-gas and oxygen, and this mixture is allowed to flow into the gas gun, when it may be fired off by touching a match to the proper orifice, taking care, of course, to close all communication with the holder. By using an electric spark, instead of the match, the service of the gun may be made still easier. The flash from this gun is said to illuminate the fog much better than that from a discharge of gun powder.

THE ORIGINAL CINDERELLA.

MANY of the most popular nursery-rhymes and stories have an origin quite different from what is usually supposed. Thus it is generally thought that the story of Cinderella was invented by some one in a happy fit of imagination; but it is said to be founded on facts. The Greek historian and geographer Strabo says that one day, as a lady named Rhodopis was bathing in the Nile, the wind carried away one of her sandals, and laid it at the feet of the King of Egypt, who was holding a court of justice in the open air, not far off. His curiosity was excited by the singularity of the event and by the elegance of the sandal, and he offered a reward for the discovery of the owner of it. The lady claimed it, and it was found to fit her exactly. She was very beautiful, and the king married her. She is remembered in history as the "Rose-checked Queen" of Egypt, and she lived two thousand years before the Christian era.

EYES.

BLACK eyes usually indicate good powers of physical endurance, but they are choleric, and may be, though not always, treacherous. Gray ones denote quickness of temper and desire for novelty. Hazel belong to shrewd natures, and such as delight in intercourse with friends. Clear blue eyes are associated with love of change and progress. A mixed or indeterminate color of eye may be taken as evidence that the individual is a poor judge of shades and hues, it not quite color-blind. The organic cause of black eyes is that the sclerotic membrane or outer covering is most tensely drawn. This may be, and has been, demonstrated on the eye of a newly killed ox, which is rendered black by tightening this membrane. Black eyes are universal among the natives of hot climates; blue and gray are found, in cold and temperate regions, where the blood of various races has mingled by intermarriage. The result of such mixture is that relaxation of the system which produces the blue eye and light-colored hair. Intellectually the effect is to produce progressive nations; and, as a rule, blue-eyed people are more disposed to change, progress and intercourse than those with black eyes.

POWER OF PLANTS TO PRODUCE OZONE.

IN addition to the pleasure that may be derived from floriculture, the sanitary value of flowers and plants is a feature of the subject so important as to call, says the *Sanitary Record*, for special mention. One of the most important of the late discoveries in chemistry is that made by Professor Mantogazza, of Pavia, to the effect that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors. Hyacinths, mignonette, heliotrope, lemon, mint, lavender, narcissus, cherry-laurel, and the like, all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays; and so powerful is this great atmospheric purifier, that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly malaria which infects them, by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation. The bearing of this upon flower culture in our large cities is also very important. Experiments have proved that the air of cities contains less ozone than that of the surrounding country, and the thickly-inhabited parts of cities less than the more sparsely built, or than the parks and open squares. Plants and flowers and green trees can alone restore the balance; so that every little flower-pot is not merely a thing of beauty while it lasts, but has a direct and beneficial influence upon the health of the neighborhood in which it is found.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE IRONCLAD "MAGENTA," the flagship of the French Mediterranean Squadron, was destroyed by fire a little after midnight, on Sunday morning, November 7th, in Toulon Harbor. The fire was discovered about one o'clock, in the stern quarters of the vessel, by a thick black smoke which issued from the hatches of the upper deck. Energetic measures were taken to extinguish the fire, but, despite all efforts, the flames spread over the after-part of the ship. The officers, under the command of Admiral Roze, were soon obliged to leave the quarter-deck. From that time it was necessary to think of the safety of the crew. The boats were lowered, and the men having struggled in vain with the conflagration, were obliged to enter the boats from the bowsprit, the chains, and the catheads. They showed great courage and coolness. Admiral Roze did not leave the *Magenta* until he was sure that the vessel could not be saved, and that the last man had left her. The Admiral had ordered the powder magazine to be flooded, but to his great surprise, while he was in a little boat rowing round the ship, about half-past three o'clock, the ship blew up. One of our sketches represents the men struggling with the flames, and another the singular spectacle presented at the explosion of the *Magenta*. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a vast sheet of flame rose straight above the wreck.

ON THE WAY TO INDIA, the Prince and his party experienced one of "the disagreeables" attending a sea-voyage in a steamer, viz., the necessity of taking huge quantities of coal at certain stations, of which, in the Mediterranean, Malta is one of the principal, being, in fact, a sort of half-way house. As soon as the vessel is fairly anchored she is apparently taken possession of by a horde of black pirates; grimy barges are hauled alongside, and then commences the work of bringing the coal on board and shooting it into the coal-bunkers below. Clouds of dust arise, blackening everybody and everything in the vicinity; and, if a breeze is blowing at the time, nothing is safe from the grime. It is due, however, to the Maltese coal-bearers to say that they work with double the energy and rapidity displayed by the Spaniards at Gibraltar.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION supplies the English journals with numerous illustrations, of which we reproduce two—the Destruction of Manuel Vacca's Town, on the River Congo, by the marines of the West African Squadron, and the Squadron in the River Congo, with the King of Shark's Point going to call on the Commodore. This successful expedition was undertaken by the British Government for the suppression of piracy in the Congo River, by the squadron under the command of Commodore Sir William Hewitt. The immediate object was to punish the tribes guilty of a murderous and rapacious outrage in March last, when the British merchant vessel *Geraldine*, a small schooner, having got aground in the river, was plundered and destroyed, and some of her crew were killed.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE MILAN OBRNOVITCH IV. WITH THE COUNTESS NATALIE DE PETROWNA, recently celebrated with extraordinary pomp in the Cathedral of Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, is the first wedding of one of its sovereigns which the Serbian nation has witnessed for one hundred and twenty years—that is to say, since the reign of the last Serbian Czar, Lazare Greblanovitch, who was mortally wounded on the 15th of June, 1389, at Kosoropolje. According to ancient Serbian usages, the Emperor of Russia, represented by one of his aide-de-camps, General Summarakoff Elsten, was the *koum*, or godfather, of Prince Milan on this occasion; Prince Morapi, uncle of the bride, was the *stariscat* (dean of the guests), and the *djever*, or *paranymphe*, whose duty it is to watch over the betrothed, and to protect her until the nuptial benediction should be pronounced, was a little boy, ten years of age, dressed in white satin, embroidered with gold. The variety of costume, from those of the peasants, who flocked into Belgrade from the remotest rural districts, to the gorgeous court-uniforms of the diplomatic corps, and the elegant dresses of the ladies present at the wedding, restored to the Serbian capital something of its old oriental air, but strangely blended with the extremes of fashion in Western Europe.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOV. 27TH

DR. VON BULOW gave his fifth concert at Chickering Hall on the evening of the 22d. . . . Miss Clara Morris reappeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 22d, in a drama entitled "The New Leah," and was most cordially received. . . . Mr. Harry Beckett assumed the rôle of *Eccles* in "Caste," at Wallack's, and kept large audiences in a roar with his representations of the confirmed avicious drunkard. . . . After many announcements, "Rose Michel" was produced at the Union Square Theatre on the 23d, Miss Rose Eyring appearing in the title rôle, assisted by Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Nina Varian and Messrs. Stoddart, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Robson, and others of the regular company. . . . "The Two Orphans" was brought out at the Lyceum on the 22d in the original French. . . . The season of pantomime at Booth's closed on the 27th. Mr. George F. Rowe was announced as the succeeding attraction, beginning this week with "Micawber." . . . Mozart's "Magic Flute" was given at the Academy of Music on the 24th, Theodore Wachtel singing the part of *Tamino*, and Miss Goldberg that of *Astrafamante*. . . . Von Bulow gave his sixth concert on the 24th, when all but one of his selections for playing were the compositions of Rubinstein, the other being by Liszt. . . . All the theatres did a handsome business on Thanksgiving, the country folks patronizing the maineers and the residents the evening performances.

THE building, . . . oners of Great Britain are

Funds are being raised in Massachusetts to enable a corps of 1,000 veterans to visit the grounds.

THE heating apparatus has been introduced in Horticultural Hall, and the forcing-houses have already been filled with plants.

THE ladies of Portland, Oregon, are making up a large collection of the flora and fauna of the State for exhibition at Philadelphia.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Esq., will shortly deliver a lecture at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Centennial Fund.

AN ethnological representation, by clothed dummies, of all the races inhabiting this continent, will be a feature of the display by the Smithsonian Institute.

ADMIRAL JENKINS, who has charge of the United States naval display, is arranging an illustration of the torpedo system, with the most complete apparatus.

THE Mardi-Gras Association of Memphis and New Orleans are deliberating on the advisability of an exhibition of this peculiar Southern custom at the Centennial Exposition.

THE Government of New Zealand has under consideration the sending of representatives from that country to compete at the International Rifle Match at Philadelphia in 1876.

THE Bey of Tunis has appointed Mr. George Harris Heap, for nine years American Consul in that kingdom, as First Commissioner in charge of the Tunisian section of the Centennial Exhibition.

THE Women's Centennial Executive Committee have issued a circular calling on the women of America to furnish receipts to a volume of American cookery, to be issued by the Committee at the Exhibition.

THE St. Petersburg *Golos*, the Russian official organ, published, on October 20th, a long article on our Centennial. It predicts that the people of Russia will take a most active part in the Philadelphia Exposition.

THE joint Centennial Committee of New York merchants and bankers held a preliminary meeting on Monday, November 22d, to consider the advisability of requesting the next Congress to make an appropriation for the Centennial.

A PETRIFIED forest has been discovered in the desert of Northwestern Humboldt, Nevada, about thirty miles west of the Blackrock range of mountains. Parties are engaged in preparing a section of one of the trees for the Centennial Exhibition.

IN addition to the plaster casts, molded in gelatine from the living fish, of all the food fishes found near our coasts, the Fish Commission will exhibit specimens of every preparation of preserved fish, and every instrument used in the capture of fish.

VERMONT is to supply the tile of the Art Gallery at the Centennial, D. L. Kent & Co., of Manchester, taking the contract. It will contain a good show of white, black, red and blue marbles—white from East Dorset, black and red from Swanton, while the blue comes from Pennsylvania.

RAILS are being put down for the narrow-gauge railroad which is to make a circuit of that portion of Fairmount Park set apart for the Centennial Exhibition. Noiseless dummy passenger-cars are to be run on the road, and the railway is bound by its contract to charge a limited fare.

THE Government Building is now nearly completed. It will be occupied by the Finance, Post Office, War, Navy and Interior Departments, and also by the Smithsonian Institute and the Fish Commission. The War and Navy Departments have already forwarded a number of cannon.

THE Commissioners have decided to inclose the whole space with a strong picket-fence, nine feet high. Along this fencing, at suitable intervals, there will be numerous entrance-ways and ticket-offices, so that from whatever quarter a visitor approaches he is sure to strike an entrance.

AT the suggestion of the Empress, the presidents of the various provinces of Germany are collecting all articles connected with the treatment of the wounded in time of war, to be exhibited at our Centennial. One of the objects of interest will be a complete train fitted out expressly to transport sick and wounded.

THE Main Building for the Exposition at Philadelphia covers 21 47-100 acres of ground, which alone is nearly equal to the whole space occupied by the London Exhibition of 1851, which covered 23 9-10 acres. Machinery Hall covers a space three times as large as the grounds of the New York Exhibition of 1853.

THE Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Paris, and most of the lodges in France, have subscribed to the fund for the erection of the monument to Liberty in New York harbor. For the same object, a grand and very successful *fete* was given at the Palais d'Industrie, Paris, on November 19th, by the Franco-American Union.

ALL the arms used in the navy during the last one hundred years, models of all vessels constructed in that period, including all classes of ironclads and river monitors, plans of hospital ships, specimens of medicine-chests, and a thousand and one odd, curious and useful things, will give an idea of the vastness of the United States Navy.

MR. THOMAS DAGNAN blew four enormous glass shades for statuary and other purposes at the works of the Union Glass Company, at Somerville, Mass., last week, in preparation for the Exhibition at Philadelphia. The largest measured five feet in height, by two feet in diameter, and the smallest about four feet by one and a half. Under favorable conditions Mr. Dagnan promises a shade twelve or more inches higher than the largest one produced.

IT is said that in the Main Building every man, woman and child in the great State of Pennsylvania could be supplied with standing-room, and a good sized corner left for the entire population of the State of Maryland. Then a person can walk over one hundred miles in Machinery Hall, without going over the same spot twice. Taking all the buildings, a visitor to the Exposition can walk over five hundred miles, and not go over the same ground a second time.

THE Centennial Regatta Committee announce that the boat races at the Exhibition will be international, and open to all regularly organized boat-clubs in the world. They will be rowed in accordance with the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association of the United States. They will consist of an international college race for four-oared shells, open only to undergraduates, and an international graduates' race, for fours, open only to graduates of colleges or universities. Professional races will be held, open to all crews throughout the world, for four-oared and single-scul shells, for suitable prizes. The amateur races will be rowed one and a half miles straightaway. The professional races will be rowed three miles—one and a half miles and return. An entrance fee of \$25 will be charged for fours; \$15 for pairs and doubles, and \$10 for singles.

previously a yellow ensign, bearing the device of a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking, with the motto "Don't Tread on Me." The official origin of the "grand union" flag is involved in obscurity. At the time of its adoption at Cambridge, the colonies still acknowledged the legal rights of the mother-country, and therefore retained the blended crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, changing only the field of the old ensign for the thirteen stripes, emblematic of their union. After the Declaration of Independence, the emblems of British union became inappropriate, but they were retained in the flag until the following year. Congress resolved, on June 14th, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.—*Appleton's American Encyclopedia, revised edition.*"

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

"Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun,
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And 'built upon the sand.'"

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things,
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stop not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those that talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

WHILE THE ÆGEAN GLOWS.

(Concluded.)

"MY head aches, father dear. I wish thee good-night," whispered Idolante Xapili to the old prince who was sitting under the great cypress with Horace Drinkwater, in the cool of the evening; the table between them spread with fruit, champagne-bottles, and, notably, the big Florentine goblet, out of which Andreas Xapili relished his wine with most perfect satisfaction.

"Tut, tut, tut; art thou tired already, my child? I have not heard thy zithern all day."

"You shall hear it from my room, father," replied Idolante, gently.

"Good, good, my child; go sleep if thou wilt; only play 'O Aggelos ton Hellenon,' and leave thy window open while thou playest."

Idolante bent down to kiss the old Greek's face, and clasped his hand, just as it was reaching out to the goblet, in both her own.

"Good-night, father dear."

Andreas Xapili gazed up in the lovely face, and distinguished such an expression of pain in the marvelous eyes, that he momentarily forgot his wine.

"Nay, never mind thy zithern. The day has been too warm for thee. Bless the, my child, go and sleep." He touched her head with his hand affectionately; held up his face for another kiss, and then, as Idolante turned away, hid half his countenance in the capacious goblet.

A few minutes later the tinkle of a zithern flowed out softly from the casement above where they sat.

"Ah—h—h!" breathed out the prince, in a prolonged sigh of satisfaction, nodding his head in time to the music.

"Ah—h—h!" echoed Horace Drinkwater, filling the glasses aforesaid and toasting "Free Greece," which Xapili honored by draining his to the bottom.

Prince Xapili's and Horace Drinkwater's voices rang out more and more convivially—the latter's odder reckless Italian halting at neither grammar nor patois, but using or defying both with the unconcern of a man who felt fastidiousness drowned in the bowl. Warmed by his generous libations, old Andreas expatiated with unctious on many a scene of his campaigning days; touched almost cautiously, more than once, on doings of his that had reference to the appropriation of cargoes in neutral bottoms, of carousals on wines upon which foreign offices paid the insurance; and the more questionable the incident in its morality, the louder, longer, heartier Horace Drinkwater laughed.

"Bene bene, Principe; ben' fato, corpo!" and up the glasses would be filled to the brim, and something higher.

Louder still grew the fun, and the yachtsman dashed off into Dibdin's song, "Ye Mariners of England," while the wine-subdued Greek flourished his hands to the ballad which he firmly believed to be the English national anthem. In the midst of the noise the tinkling of Idolante's zithern ceased.

Shortly afterwards Morton Pascoe and Manvers Drinkwater issued from the vine-covered doorway in the northeastern tower of the castle, and, after a word or two exchanged, the former joined the carousers while the latter strolled along the paths of the garden, nearly hidden by the intervening shrubs. Prince Xapili scarcely spared them a glance, so enthusiastically was he seconding Horace Drinkwater's efforts in behalf of melody. A meaning look passed between the lieutenant and the Englishman.

"I have come to wish you good-night, Prince Xapili. Manvers and I intend crossing your island and returning on board by the strand. The view of Archopetrix by starlight is one I have yet to take."

"Tut, tut, tut, Excellentsime Signor; sit down and talk; sit down and drink!" cried old Andreas; and then he caroled huskily:

"Vin dolce, bella figlia
Mi pa balzar, mi pa balzar."

Sit down and drink. Where is the 'bambino'? Let

him sit down and drink, too. *Vin dolce, bella figlia.* Tut, tut, tut; sit down and drink!"

Finding Morton immovable by his seductions, the prince turned once more to Horace, and the Florentine goblet was soon creaming over again with "Vine Claret."

Had the proprietor of Archopetrix been able to see through his dwelling-house, he would have beheld something that must have "given him pause," as Shakespeare puts it; for while one Manvers Drinkwater was gradually disappearing in company with Lieutenant Pascoe amidst the che-tut-trees on the slope of the cone, another Manvers Drinkwater was gradually disappearing down the declivity that led to the mole. However, the body of the castle shut out all view of this duplication of the midshipman, and when the flask was empty Horace Drinkwater rose, whereupon Prince Xapili clasped him ecstatically in his arms; offered him free quarters at Xapilopolis, bed, board and the run of the cellar for ever and ever.

"You are a man with a palm of gold, a heart of diamond, and a head of steel," vociferated old Andreas, and then proceeded to accompany his guest to the covered way under the bastion, talking treason as hard as he could, and offering to declare Archopetrix a British dependency and make it a second Gibraltar—for a consideration. At the moment of parting a dry, hot puff of air set his white and black locks streaming behind him, and he became suddenly silent, looking up at the sky with half-drunken gravity. "My friend," he then exclaimed, as he held up one hand to feel the current of air, "a Levanter is going to blow before daylight; you will do well to get your schooner closer in. There is room for her to bring up at the mole, inside the polacca, and there you will ride out in safety the strongest gale that blows."

Horace Drinkwater scanned the blue sky where the stars kept twinkling out more thickly as minute by minute the darkness deepened.

"Thank you, prince, thank you," he responded, and as he strode off muttered to himself, "He is as drunk as a camel. A Levanter, indeed. There is as much appearance of wind as there is of snow. Too-ra-loo-ra-li, too-ra-loo-ra-li. I wonder what the old buffer will think of it in the morning. Levanter! Yes, by the immortal Dooley, he'll find out there has been a Levanter in his own shanty. Too-ra-loo-ra-li, too-ra-loo-ra-li; and so the bibulous Briton went down the hill."

Once more stillness settled down upon the islet; a hot, close stillness, only monotonously interrupted by the circumference of sound caused by the advance and retreat of the sea on the strand. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and the *via lactea* spread its broad curtain of misty light all across the heavens. Upon the very apex of Archopetrix stood two persons looking down over the gardens of the castle to where the rays of the lighthouse-lantern shone upon the hulls and spars of the vessels lying off the mole. One of the vessels, the schooner, carried a light at the mast-head. The two persons were Lieutenant Morton Pascoe and Midshipman Manvers Drinkwater, to judge by the attire of the second, which, in reality, disguised Idolante Xapili.

"Why do you tremble, dearest? Not with fear, for there is no danger; and not with regret, is it? Say you do not regret exchanging the home you have left there, Idolante, for the home here, in my heart."

"No, no. I do not regret; but look not too deeply into my heart yet, Morton; it is full of love to thee—oh, so full. But present pain makes the love sad; its happiness is with thee; its sorrow, down there where the old man is sleeping, his last night's sleep of peace. Ah, Morton, let me feel thy arm round me; there is no shelter for me now except the shelter of thy love."

"Dear privilege of mine to shelter thee, Idolante," said Morton Pascoe, pressing the agitated girl in his arms. "With the sunshine all thy troubles will melt away even as the darkness does from the face of the sea. It looks mournful now; remember at sunset to-day how it glowed, and so again will glow when night is over."

"It was over the glowing sea my love stole to thee, Morton, when I sat looking from the window wondering—wondering, hoping. Ah, did I not say it over and over to myself, tossing rose-leaves to the wind for luck, Sail my thoughts in a rose-leaf bark while the Ægean glows? Did they never reach thee, those loving thoughts, Morton?"

"They met mine half way, Idolante, and—Ah!" he interrupted himself, abruptly. "There goes the light down from the *Druid*. Now, dear love, we shall soon be free."

Sustaining his companion with his right arm, Morton Pascoe led her carefully down the eastern declivity of the islet until the strand was reached, where the yacht's boat landed him upon the night of his irruption into Prince Xapili's tomatoes. Like a black speck the little dinghee that usually availed for Horace Drinkwater to scull himself ashore in lay awaiting them at the water's edge with one of the yacht's boys in charge.

"Push her off, my lad, and get her afloat," said the lieutenant; then, as the wee cockleshell moved, he lifted Idolante in his arms, and stepping into the water, deposited her gently in the boat's stern. He had not time to enter it himself before a violent and sudden gust of wind blew the dinghee broadside on, and grounded her on the sands.

Prince Xapili was quite right in his prediction—it was the first sigh of the Levanter.

Morton Pascoe soon pushed the boat afloat again, but could do no more before a more violent blast than the first broke upon them, and, passing them by, swept over the trees on the islet, swaying their branches wildly. The lieutenant stood still, up to his knees in water, gazing steadily at the line of the horizon. A third blast, fiercer, longer, cooler than the previous one, drove in, and once again the dinghee was driven aground.

"Jump out quickly, my lad, and hold on to the dinghee while I lift the lady out," cried the lieutenant, forgetful of the very unfeminine appearance of Idolante. "It is coming on to blow hard from the eastward; the schooner will never be able to work up to us; we must hasten round by the strand, Idolante, before Drinkwater weighs, if we can. We could not get over the reef in the dinghee without being capsized. Here it comes again; look out for the boat, my lad."

He caught up Idolante in his arms and lifted her to the shore just as the Levanter poured, in a continued, screaming rush, out of the cloudless heavens. They could scarcely stand erect before its strength, and the cap Idolante wore was whirled from her head and borne away like a feather.

"Heaven is angry, Morton," murmured the poor girl as she clung to her protector.

"It will be good-tempered before morning, dearest," answered the lieutenant, with affected gaiety; "these Levanters never last long." But, in reality, Morton Pascoe was terribly disconcerted. The *Druid* might probably be blown out of sight before morning. Idolante's evasion would surely be discovered before long, and the probability of reaching the mole in time to get on board the yacht was worse than slender; still it was their best chance, so after hauling up the dinghee the three started off along the strand. The furious wind drenched them

with the spray of the sea, but they struggled on, staggering half-bent to escape as much of its fury as possible. At last the northern end of the islet was turned, a narrow reef ran out from it in an easterly direction and the sea was foaming over it; one glance was enough for Morton; dark as it was, his eyes distinguished the *Druid* standing off the island to the northward.

"It isn't his fault," he muttered; "there was no help for it." So drawing his companion's arm more tightly within his own, he added: "We must wait, dear love, till the wind moderates; the schooner will stand in then, and we may reach her in the dinghee."

Under the best shelter they could find, Idolante and Morton sat out the hours of darkness while the unrelenting gale churned up the sea into one turbulent expanse of foaming billows. Turn by turn every expedient was discussed with a view to Idolante's return to her home pending a more favorable opportunity for escape, but her male attire frustrated them all.

At daybreak the strength of the gale was over; it yet blew very hard, but steadily—a sure prognostic that by noon the previous calm would reign again. Idolante looked worn out with anxiety and fatigue, but wonderfully beautiful in spite of her abnormal attire and the sailor-boy's red night-cap, underneath which her long hair was gathered up.

Just as the first flushes of the sunrise began to tinge the eastern sky a prolonged ringing made itself heard from the castle-bell, which hung in the belfry of the southern tower. For a few moments Idolante listened in silence; gradually her eyes assumed an expression of eager intelligence, and, springing to her feet, she clasped Morton Pascoe's arm.

"Oh, take me away at once, Morton!" she cried, with trembling earnestness; "they have discovered my flight; that is the alarm-bell: take me away, Morton; do not let my father find me thus."

"Stay here, darling, while I go to the summit," replied he, hastily; "from there I can see if there be any signs of a search. It may not be what you say; and at this early hour I hardly think it possible."

Keeping well amongst the trees, Pascoe soon gained the top of the island, and, while stooping down to hide himself, was at no pains to discover symptoms of movement on the part of the inhabitants of the castle. The tall figure of Andreas Xapili was visible stamping about the gardens, and several of his attendants scattered here and there about the walks. Along the path leading from the mole, too, forms were visible ascending to the castle, and still the bell rang out jingle, jangle—jingle, jangle; clearly the hive was disturbed, and the bees were on the wing. The lieutenant hurried down to where Idolante stood, in nervous agitation.

"I fear you guessed the truth, my own love; but keep a brave heart; they will think we are on board the schooner, and we shall get out safely, after all, in the dinghee, for no one will think of searching for us on this side."

The boy whom Pascoe had stationed to watch for the *Druid* now came running down from his post on a bluff, and cried out:

"I see the schooner, sir; she is standing in from the northward; and the polacca is getting under way at the mole."

The polacca? Morton Pascoe had not thought of her; but it now flashed upon him that their position might be rendered doubly precarious if Andreas Xapili availed himself of his big to overhaul the yacht. He said nothing, however, but desired Idolante stay in the concealment of the trees, and himself crept round the slope of the islet to observe the exact position of the *Druid*. The schooner's white sails had just caught the sunbeams, and her black hull rose and sank on the rolling waves; she was about eight miles distant; on the port tack, under main and foresails and jib.

With longing eyes he watched the little craft, not heeding that the bell of the castle had ceased tolling, looking round occasionally to wave his hand encouragingly to Idolante, whose red cap he could just distinguish amongst the leaves. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed thus; the yacht came on tearing her way through the water, until the distance between her and Archopetrix was lessened one-half. Then he turned to look down to where the dinghee lay. Dared he yet venture out in her with Idolante? Alone he would not have hesitated a moment. Fear was an emotion that Morton Pascoe knew nothing of, on his own account; but he could even fear where Idolante Xapili was concerned. Again his eyes turned northward to watch the yacht; there she was, driving a cloud of spray up to the head-cloths of her foresail, and—lying so as to cut her course at right angles—there, too, was the polacca, her yards braced sharp up on the starboard tack, rolling a wave of foam away from her forefoot.

"Hang it!" muttered the lieutenant, clinching his two fists tightly.

As the two vessels were sailing on the lines of an angle towards a common apex, they neared each other rapidly, and, with compressed lips, Morton Pascoe watched them. Time passed, and less than half a mile separated the graceful yacht from the bulkier, square-rigged polacca.

"What in the name of heaven is he about?" cried the lieutenant, aloud. "Surely he must guess they have found us out here, and that the polacca is after him. My life to a rotten orange the fool means to pass astern of the brig, and does not see that she will go round at once and have him dead to leeward; and then the schooner will not be able to weather that reef, without standing out again. God of heaven! if only one of our fellows had the tiller that that ass of an Englishman is gripping!"

In his desperation, Morton Pascoe ground the heel of his shoe into the turf.

Nearer and nearer yet the vessels closed; they seemed actually touching, at a distance.

"My God!" groaned the lieutenant, utterly aghast at what appeared inevitable; "Drinkwater is trying to cross her hawse; the schooner will be out in two as sure as—" His voice dropped; the canvas of the polacca shut out the schooner from view; then the latter shot into sight again.

"Were they in collision? Yes; no; yes—"

With a sudden drag the main, fore and jib sheets on board the *Druid* were flattened in, just as the last affirmative burst from Morton Pascoe's quivering lips; shooting up to the wind with a dart, like that of a bonito, the yacht plunged for full her own length clear in front of the polacca, which was already as close hauled as she could lie, and the next moment, as the schooner's helm was put up, the sheets were slackened off, and in she came, bowing towards the island like a bird.

"Splendid! Glorious!" shouted Morton Pascoe, waving his hands frantically. "Living man could not beat that!" and speeding down from the bluff, he never slackened his pace until he rejoined Idolante.

"We are safe, my darling," he exclaimed, as he pressed her in his arms; "but there is not a moment to lose. The yacht is close in—we must go off in the boat."

Idolante said nothing; pale, sad and terrified, she yielded herself up to her lover's guidance, and with him regained the strand. The dinghee was

speedily drawn, down from where it had been hauled, to the water; the boy was bringing the oars, and Morton Pascoe encouraging the beautiful girl by pointing out the *Druid*, which, well off the reef, was showing her bright copper sheathing as she leaned over to the wind, when shouting voices made themselves heard at no great distance, and upon turning their heads, both the lovers beheld a party of Greeks running towards them from the northern bend of the islet. They had evidently come round by the strand from the mole, probably to watch the yacht.

"Saint Andreas defend us, it is Alexis Krissi!" gasped Idolante.

Morton Pascoe did not wait to deliberate; catching her up in his strong arms, and calling loudly to the boy, he made for the dinghee, deposited the terrified maiden on a thwart, tossed the boy in as though he were a bundle of clothes, and giving the little craft a shove to send her afloat, tumbled in himself over the gunwale, wet to the waist.

"Here is one of 'them' speronares coming across the reef, sir," said the boy, just as the lieutenant had settled to the oars. Sure enough, there was, with a dozen men in her, at least. The long latteen sail was lowered, the yard sticking out six feet over the stem, and four heavy sweeps urged the boat through the water over the reef.

"If she only would ground there!" muttered Pascoe, dragging away at the useless little sculls of the dinghee with might and main; "there can't be more than a few inches of water where they are."

But the speronare did not ground, and would manifestly cut them off before they reached the *Druid*.

"Hurrah, sir; they know what is up on board the schooner; she has rounded to, and I see them gitting the gig into the water."

"Here, you scull the dinghee," said the lieutenant, without replying to the boy's remark, "and let me look out for these fellows. Idolante, my love, sit in the bottom of the boat, here; we shall be safe in a minute or two."

Each complied with his instruction, and then the American steadied himself, while the boat rocked under its new mode of progression, with one knee on the after-thwart, gazing at the approaching speronare with an ugly look in his eyes that boded no good to whoso should step between him and his purpose. In a short time the speronare was within a few yards of him, and one of her crew stood up with a boat-hook which he thrust out to secure the dinghee. Pascoe's hand glided inside the breast of his rough pea-jacket.

"Keep back there, you fellows!" he called out in English, feeling sure his tone would convey the meaning if the words did not.

A clamor of voices answered him, and the iron of the boat-hook fell on the gunwale of the dinghee.

"Guarda!" cried Pascoe, leveling a pistol straight at the head of the man who held the boat-hook. The latter raised the implement and made a blow at the American, which struck him on the side of the head. He never made another, but fell back stone-dead; the bullet from Pascoe's pistol passed completely through his head.

"Scull away, my lad!" cried the lieutenant, coolly drawing another pistol; "the *Druids* will be here directly."

The men in the speronare seemed exasperated to frenzy; those at the oars commenced to pull after the little dinghee, while four or five, drawing their yataghans, clambered forward to the bow. A very few strokes of the powerful sweeps sent the large boat up alongside of its tiny antagonist, and one tall, sunburnt Greek reached over and grasped its stern. Promptly enough, the boy raised his scull and dealt the meddling fingers a blow with it that once more freed the dinghee. Other hands replaced the first, however, and the little boat swayed dangerously, threatening to capsize.

Again a pistol-shot rang out, and another Greek fell back writhing on the flooring of the speronare, and then Pascoe swung the second scull round his head, and by one sweeping blow drove back those of his enemies who appeared to be contemplating an irruption into the dinghee.

Not one moment too soon the long gig of the *Druid* shot up alongside of the speronare, and in an inconceivably short space of time the purple-flashed face of Horace Drinkwater, crowned with a red night-cap, showed itself, in company with his similarly capped crew, in the very speronare itself. In one hand he grasped a short club, but the men had only their fists, and with those weapons alone the Greeks were ignominiously put to rout.

Half an hour later the *Druid* was under a cloud of white canvas, heading S. S. W., on her voyage to Malta.

In that island, Morton Pascoe and Idolante Xapili became man and wife. Idolante Pascoe has never seen the Ægean since, and she is now a grand-looking mother of generations; but Archopetrix still shines like a fairy islet while the Ægean glows.

DEATH AND OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE

VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON.

THE flags are at half-mast all over the land, and the nation mourns for one of her foremost sons. Henry Wilson, the elected Vice-President of the United States, is dead. But the general grief is not for the loss of a Vice-President. The laws of the land provide for the assumption of the duties of that position by other hands, and the routine of official business will flow on uninterrupted. The deep-seated sorrow that pervades the community is for the loss of the man—the man who was greater than the office. The place he occupied in public affairs cannot be filled by legislative enactment.

The career of Henry Wilson was pre-eminently a characteristic example of the capabilities of our republican institutions. He was one of the people, and grew up from a class that in no other country would have the slightest chance of reaching exalted political station. His youthful struggles, his indomitable perseverance in overcoming the difficulties of poverty and lack of early education, gave him an added dignity in the eyes of the American people. He himself had a conscious pride in the vindication of manhood in his own case, and although he seldom referred to the events of his early life, yet when he did he betrayed no false shame of his humble origin. On one memorable occasion he uttered a most eloquent rebuke to the spirit that would plant in this country a reverence for wealth and station at the sacrifice of respect for the true democratic principles to which our nation owes so much of its greatness. In 1858, in reply to the famous "mud-sill" speech of Governor Hammond of South Carolina, he said:

"Sir, I am the son of a hiring manual laborer, who, with the frosts of seventy Winters on his brow, 'lives by daily labor.' I, too, have 'lived by daily labor.' I, too, have been a 'hiring manual laborer.' Poverty cast its dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood, and want was sometimes there—an unbidden guest. At the

age of ten years—to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt spectre from the hearth of the mother who bore me—I left the home of my boyhood and went forth to earn my bread by daily labor.”

Mr. Wilson was a sincere patriot, a true reformer, an able statesman, and a man of sterling integrity. His country may be truly proud of him as a thoroughly representative American, and the honors now being paid to his memory show in what close sympathy with his own heart was that of his countrymen, and how deep and universal is the public sorrow at his death.

We present this week illustrations of the closing scene of the great man's life, and the ceremonies attending his funeral. He died quietly at the Capitol, on Monday morning, November 22d, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock. On Wednesday, November 10th, the Vice-President was taken seriously ill while in the barber-shop of the Senate Chamber at the Capitol. He was removed to the Judge's private room in the Supreme Court as soon as possible, and during the afternoon, by order of his physicians, the Vice-President's room at the Capitol was arranged for his reception, and he was conveyed to it. Here he remained until his death. Serious fears were at first apprehended that he would soon pass away, but as he rapidly continued to improve, hopes were entertained that his useful life might long be spared.

On Sunday, November 21st, the patient was not quite so well as on several days previous, though his condition was not such as to give any uneasiness to himself or his physicians. At eight o'clock in the evening he signified his readiness to be prepared for sleep. His attendants, Messrs. S. A. Boyden, Lieutenant of the Capitol Police, and Mr. Wood, then gently rubbed and manipulated his feet, limbs and back as usual, at intervals, until half-past nine o'clock. During the process, Mr. Wilson was very cheerful, and said he felt uncommonly well. At 9:30 he fell asleep, and between that hour and midnight waked only once, took a drink of ice-water, and slept almost instantly. At midnight he got up and walked around the room; then, going to his table, took up a little book of poems entitled "The Changed Cross," with the motto, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," and read three verses from it.

This volume belonged to his wife, and contained a photograph of her and their son, both deceased. He treasured it beyond value, and made it a companion, from which he seemed to derive much comfort. After reading the verses, he spoke with gratitude of the kindness of his friends during his sickness, and of the widespread sympathy in his behalf. He then returned to bed in a happy mood. Between the time of his going to sleep again and three o'clock he gave no sign of waking except once, when in a half-conscious, slumbering condition, he asked the attendant to pull up the bed-clothes a little. At 3 A.M. he awoke and had Boyden rub his breast; dropped asleep again very soon, and slept till almost precisely seven o'clock, when he awoke, remarking that he felt brighter and better than at any time previously. He said that he was going to ride out that day, as his physician Dr. Baxter, advised him to do so if the weather was fair. Mr. Wood coming in at this moment, was privately consulted by Mr. Boyden as to the advisability of communicating to the Vice-President the news of Senator O. S. Ferry's death, and they decided it would be best to mention the fact, because Mr. Wilson would be certain to read it in the newspapers a few minutes later. They accordingly introduced the subject of Mr. Ferry's illness, and mentioned the morning's news of its fatal termination. The Vice-President was prepared for it, and expressed no surprise, but said, "Poor Ferry, he has been a great sufferer." He then proceeded to speak of Senator Ferry's political services in terms of high commendation, characterizing him as an able, active, and useful man. He also talked about Mr. Ferry's early life and about his election, and added, "That makes eighty-three dead with whom I have sat in the Senate. What a record! I don't think any man now living can say the same, unless, perhaps, it is Hamlin of Maine. If I live to the end of my present term I shall be the sixth in the history of the country who have served so long a time." Mr. Boyden says that the Vice-President, after making the remarks previously narrated about his good night's rest, etc., looked up with a cheerful smile and playfully said to him: "I'm a pretty bright-looking boy this morning, ain't I?" At twenty minutes past seven o'clock he said he would get up and take breakfast. He then called for bitter-water (which had heretofore been prescribed), and having drunk it, he laid with his left side on the pillow as if with sudden exhaustion, breathing heavily, but uttering no words, and in a few minutes died without a struggle. His death coming but a few minutes after all those evidences of remarkable improvement as to rapid recovery, could not at first be realized by his attendants, and it was not until the arrival of Dr. C. M. Ford, who resides in the neighborhood, and was instantly sent for, that the melancholy fact found any credence. In a short time there were thousands of mournful hearts. At the Senate Chamber, where the dead statesman lay, all was quiet. Friends came in softly, and heard from the lips of those who waited upon the Vice-President the particulars of his last moments, and how he passed away without a near friend by his bedside and without any warning.

After a post-mortem examination the remains were embalmed and laid in the Vice-President's Room, on a catafalque occupying the place where the writing-table stood at which he did all his work. The body was subsequently removed to the Rotunda of the Capitol, where it laid in state.

The funeral services took place in the Senate Chamber at half-past ten on Friday morning. The Senate Chamber was heavily draped in mourning, and immediately in front of the Vice-President's table the catafalque was placed. The desks having all been removed from the chamber, seats were arranged on the floor for the President and Cabinet, Supreme Court, members of Senate and House of Representatives, and other prominent persons.

At 10:15 the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, headed by Mr. Middleton, their clerk, entered, and were assigned to the front seats on the right of the Vice-President's desk. At 10:22 the body was taken from the Rotunda to the Senate Chamber, preceded by Rev. Dr. Sunderland, Chaplain of the Senate, Sergeant-at-Arms French, the Committee of Arrangements, and the pallbearers, and followed by the relatives of the deceased—among them his brother, Mr. Colbath, and wife.

The casket was carried by twelve soldiers, and as soon as it was placed on the catafalque prepared for its reception, two privates of the Marine Corps, in full uniform, took position at the head and foot, and stood "at rest" throughout the entire service. Numerous crosses and crowns of white flowers were placed on the coffin, having been sent to the Capitol by various friends of the deceased. Soon after the casket was placed on the catafalque, the President, accompanied by Secretaries Fish, Bristow, Belknap, Robeson and Chandler, entered, and were assigned to the front row

of seats, opposite to those occupied by the Judges of the Supreme Court, all of whom were clad in their robes of office.

The empty chair of the Vice-President was heavily draped in mourning. Hon. T. W. Ferry, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, occupied a seat at the Clerk's desk. All things being in readiness, Mr. Ferry announced that appropriate services would be performed. Rev. Dr. Sutherland then read some brief selections from Scriptures, after which Rev. D. J. E. Rankin delivered a discourse.

At the conclusion of the address, Rev. Dr. Sunderland offered an appropriate prayer, and pronounced the benediction. The casket was then closed, and the funeral procession proceeded to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad.

The streets along the route of the procession were thronged with spectators, who stood patiently in the cold, drizzling rain to see it pass, and during prayers guns were fired, and the bells of the churches tolled throughout the city. At the depot the remains were committed by Senator Sherman, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to the charge of the Massachusetts committee, which started for Baltimore at 1:37 P.M.

The train bearing the remains of the late Vice-President arrived at Baltimore at 3:11 P.M. A military escort was in waiting, and conveyed the body to the City Hall, where it arrived at four o'clock, and laid in state until half-past five, when the casket was closed, and the line of march again formed. The procession marched to the Calvert Street depot, where the corpse was placed on the train, which left for Philadelphia at 6:25.

The train arrived at Wilmington, Del., about nine o'clock in the evening, where it was met by a delegation of Philadelphia City Councils, headed by Mayor Stokely. The casket was in the forward car, and was under the immediate charge of Mr. James I. Christy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, and was accompanied by a guard of honor of United States Marines, who, by order of the President, were to proceed to Boston with the remains and deliver them in charge of Governor Gaston. The train arrived at Philadelphia about half-past ten o'clock, and a procession was formed, which escorted the remains to Independence Hall. The body was taken into the hall, and placed upon the catafalque prepared for its reception.

At six o'clock on Saturday morning the lid was removed from the coffin, the doors opened, and the public passed through the hall to view the remains. At eleven o'clock an immense procession was formed, consisting of military and civic bodies, and the various delegations that accompanied the body, and the line of march was taken up for the New York depot.

The train left Philadelphia at two o'clock, and arrived in Jersey City shortly after five o'clock. In New York the remains were met at Cortlandt Street Ferry by the procession that was to escort it through the city. The parade moved through Cortlandt Street, Broadway, Fourteenth Street, Fifth Avenue, and Forty-second Street to the Grand Central Depot, which was reached at seven o'clock. The remains were then placed in a special car and in the custody of a committee of Boston officials. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with spectators, the sidewalks of Broadway being nearly impassable for five hours.

The body arrived in Boston on Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and was received with appropriate ceremonies. It lay in state in Doric Hall, and it is estimated that between fifteen and twenty thousand persons viewed the remains before the doors were closed in the evening.

From Boston the remains were taken to Natick, where they arrived at 9:30 A.M., on Monday. The funeral services took place on Wednesday, December 1st, at 1 P.M.

THE GAS GUN FOR FOG SIGNALS.

MR. WIGHAM has made a very ingenious application of the explosive nature of a mixture of ordinary gas in air. He establishes, at any point on the coast where a fog signal is desired, a gas gun. It is simply a tube of iron, connected with the gas-holder by the proper pipe; the latter, of course, may be at any convenient distance. The gas-holder is filled with a mixture of one-fourth air, and the remainder coal-gas and oxygen, and this mixture is allowed to flow into the gas gun, when it may be fired off by touching a match to the proper orifice, taking care, of course, to close all communication with the holder. By using an electric spark, instead of the match, the service of the gun may be made still easier. The flash from this gun is said to illuminate the fog much better than that from a discharge of gun powder.

THE ORIGINAL CINDERELLA.

MANY of the most popular nursery-rhymes and stories have an origin quite different from what is usually supposed. Thus it is generally thought that the story of Cinderella was invented by some one in a happy fit of imagination; but it is said to be founded on facts. The Greek historian and geographer Strabo says that one day, as a lady named Rhodopis was bathing in the Nile, the wind carried away one of her sandals, and laid it at the feet of the King of Egypt, who was holding a court of justice in the open air, not far off. His curiosity was excited by the singularity of the event and by the elegance of the sandal, and he offered a reward for the discovery of the owner of it. The lady claimed it, and it was found to fit her exactly. She was very beautiful, and the king married her. She is remembered in history as the "Rosy-cheeked Queen" of Egypt, and she lived two thousand years before the Christian era.

EYES.

BLACK eyes usually indicate good powers of physical endurance, but they are choleric, and may be, though not always, treacherous. Gray ones denote quickness of temper and desire for novelty. Hazel belong to shrewd natures, and such as delight in intercourse with friends. Clear blue eyes are associated with love of change and progress. A mixed or indeterminate color of eye may be taken as evidence that the individual is a poor judge of shades and hues, if not quite color-blind. The organic cause of black eyes is that the sclerotic membrane or outer covering is most tensely drawn. This may be, and has been, demonstrated on the eye of a newly-killed ox, which is rendered black by tightening this membrane. Black eyes are universal among the natives of hot climates; blue and gray are found in cold and temperate regions, where the blood of various races has mingled by intermarriage. The result of such mixture is that relaxation of the system which produces the blue eye and light-colored hair. Intellectually the effect is to produce progressive nations; and, as a rule, blue-eyed people are more disposed to change, progress and intercourse than those with black eyes.

POWER OF PLANTS TO PRODUCE OZONE.

IN addition to the pleasure that may be derived from floriculture, the sanitary value of flowers and plants is a feature of the subject so important as to call, says the *Sanitary Record*, for special mention. One of the most important of the late discoveries in chemistry is that made by Professor Mantogazza, of Pavia, to the effect that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors. Hyacinths, mignonette, heliotrope, lemon, mint, lavender, narcissus, cherry-laurel, and the like, all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays; and so powerful is this great atmospheric purifier, that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly malaria which infects them, by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation. The bearing of this upon flower culture in our large cities is also very important. Experiments have proved that the air of cities contains less ozone than that of the surrounding country, and the thickly-inhabited parts of cities less than the more sparsely built, or than the parks and open squares. Plants and flowers and green trees can alone restore the balance; so that every little flower-pot is not merely a thing of beauty while it lasts, but has a direct and beneficial influence upon the health of the neighborhood in which it is found.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE IRONCLAD "MAGENTA," the flagship of the French Mediterranean Squadron, was destroyed by fire a little after midnight, on Sunday morning, November 7th, in Toulon Harbor. The fire was discovered about one o'clock, in the stern quarters of the vessel, by a thick black smoke which issued from the hatches of the upper deck. Energetic measures were taken to extinguish the fire, but, despite all efforts, the flames spread over the after-part of the ship. The officers, under the command of Admiral Roze, were soon obliged to leave the quarter-deck. From that time it was necessary to think of the safety of the crew. The boats were lowered, and the men having struggled in vain with the conflagration, were obliged to enter the boats from the bowsprit, the chains, and the catheads. They showed great courage and coolness. Admiral Roze did not leave the *Magenta* until he was sure that the vessel could not be saved, and that the last man had left her. The Admiral had ordered the powder magazine to be flooded, but to his great surprise, while he was in a little boat rowing round the ship, about half-past three o'clock, the ship blew up. One of our sketches represents the men struggling with the flames, and another the singular spectacle presented at the explosion of the *Magenta*. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a vast sheet of flame rose straight above the wreck.

ON THE WAY TO INDIA, the Prince and his party experienced one of "the disagreeables" attending a sea-voyage in a steamer, viz., the necessity of taking huge quantities of coal at certain stations, of which, in the Mediterranean, Malta is one of the principal, being, in fact, a sort of half-way house. As soon as the vessel is fairly anchored she is apparently taken possession of by a horde of black pirates; grimy barges are hauled alongside, and then commences the work of bringing the coal on board and shooting it into the coal-bunkers below. Clouds of dust arise, blackening everybody and everything in the vicinity; and, if a breeze is blowing at the time, nothing is safe from the grime. It is due, however, to the Maltese coal heavers to say that they work with double the energy and rapidly displayed by the Spaniards at Gibraltar.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION supplies the English journals with numerous illustrations, of which we reproduce two—the Destruction of Manuel Vacca's Town, on the River Congo, by the marines of the West African Squadron, and the Squadron in the River Congo, with the King of Shark's Point going to call on the Commodore. This successful expedition was undertaken by the British Government for the suppression of piracy in the Congo River, by the squadron under the command of Commodore Sir William Hewitt. The immediate object was to punish the tribes guilty of a murderous and rapacious outrage in March last, when the British merchant vessel *Geraldine*, a small schooner, having got aground in the river, was plundered and destroyed, and some of her crew were killed.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE MILAN OBRENOVITCH IV. WITH THE COUNTESS NATHALIE DE PETKOWSKA, recently celebrated with extraordinary pomp in the Cathedral of Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, is the first wedding of one of its sovereigns which the Serbian nation has witnessed for one hundred and twenty years—that is to say, since the reign of the last Serbian Czar, Lazare Grebljanovitch, who was mortally wounded on the 15th of June, 1389, at Kosovopolje. According to ancient Serbian usages, the Emperor of Russia, represented by one of his aide-de-camps, General Summarokoff Eisten, was the *koum*, or godfather, of Prince Milan on this occasion; Prince Morap, uncle of the bride, was the *staric* (dean of the guests), and the *Djejer*, or *paranymphe*, whose duty it is to watch over the betrothed, and to protect her until the nuptial benediction should be pronounced, was a little boy, ten years of age, dressed in white satin, embroidered with gold. The variety of costume, from those of the peasants, who flocked into Belgrade from the remotest rural districts, to the gorgeous court-uniforms of the diplomatic corps, and the elegant dresses of the ladies present at the wedding, restored to the Serbian capital something of its old oriental air, but strangely blended with the extremes of fashion in Western Europe.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES, FOR WEEK ENDING NOV. 27TH

DR. VON BULOW gave his fifth concert at Chickering Hall on the evening of the 22d. . . . Miss Clara Morris appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 22d, in a drama entitled "The New Leah," and was most cordially received. . . . Mr. Harry Beckett assumed the rôle of *Eccles* in "Caste," at Wallack's, and kept large audiences in a roar with his representations of the confirmed avaricious drunkard. . . . After many announcements, "Rose Michel" was produced at the Union Square Theatre on the 23d, Miss Rose Eytting appearing in the title rôle, assisted by Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Nina Varian and Messrs. Stoddart, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Robson, and others of the regular company. . . . "The Two Orphans" was brought out at the Lyceum on the 22d in the original French. . . . The season of pantomime at Booth's closed on the 27th. Mr. George F. Rowe was announced as the succeeding attraction, beginning this week with "Micawber." . . . Mozart's "Magic Flute" was given at the Academy of Music on the 24th, Theodore Wachtel singing the part of Tamino, and Miss Goldberg that of Astrafamante. . . . Von Bulow gave his sixth concert on the 24th, when all but one of his selections for playing were the compositions of Rubinstein, the other being by Liszt. . . . All the theatres did a handsome business on Thanksgiving, the country folks patronizing the matinees and the residents the evening performances.

ENNIAL NOTES.

THE building, intended for the Commissioners of Great Britain are stated.

Funds are being raised in Massachusetts to enable a corps of 1,000 veterans to visit the grounds.

THE heating apparatus has been introduced in Horticultural Hall, and the forcing-houses have already been filled with plants.

THE ladies of Portland, Oregon, are making up a large collection of the flora and fauna of the State for exhibition at Philadelphia.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Esq., will shortly deliver a lecture at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Centennial Fund.

AN ethnological representation, by clothed dummies, of all the races inhabiting this continent, will be a feature of the display by the Smithsonian Institute.

ADMIRAL JENKINS, who has charge of the United States naval display, is arranging an illustration of the torpedo system, with the most complete apparatus.

THE Mardi-Gras Association of Memphis and New Orleans are deliberating on the advisability of an exhibition of this peculiar Southern custom at the Centennial Exposition.

THE Government of New Zealand has under consideration the sending of representatives from that country to compete at the International Rifle Match at Philadelphia in 1876.

THE Bey of Tunis has appointed Mr. George Harris Reap, for nine years American Consul in that kingdom, as First Commissioner in charge of the Tunisian section of the Centennial Exhibition.

THE Women's Centennial Executive Committee have issued a circular calling on the women of America to furnish receipts to a volume of American cookery, to be issued by the Committee at the Exhibition.

THE St. Petersburg *Golos*, the Russian official organ, published, on October 20th, a long article on our Centennial. It predicts that the people of Russia will take a most active part in the Philadelphia Exposition.

THE joint Centennial Committee of New York merchants and bankers held a preliminary meeting on Monday, November 22d, to consider the advisability of requesting the next Congress to make an appropriation for the Centennial.

A PETRIFIED forest has been discovered in the desert of Northwestern Humboldt, Nevada, about thirty miles west of the Blackrock range of mountains. Parties are engaged in preparing a section of one of the trees for the Centennial Exhibition.

IN addition to the plaster casts, molded in gelatine from the living fish, of all the food fishes found near our coasts, the Fish Commission will exhibit specimens of every preparation of preserved fish, and every instrument used in the capture of fish.

VERMONT is to supply the tile of the Art Gallery at the Centennial, D. L. Kent & Co., of Manchester, taking the contract. It will contain a good show of white, black, red and blue marbles—white from East Dorset, black and red from Swanton, while the blue comes from Pennsylvania.

RAILS are being put down for the narrow-gauge railroad which is to make a circuit of that portion of Fairmount Park set apart for the Centennial Exhibition. Noiseless dummy passenger-cars are to be run on the road, and the railway is bound by its contract to charge a limited fare.

THE Government Building is now nearly completed. It will be occupied by the Finance, Post Office, War, Navy and Interior Departments, and also by the Smithsonian Institute and the Fish Commission. The War and Navy Departments have already forwarded a number of cannon.

THE Commissioners have decided to inclose the whole space with a strong picket-fence, nine feet high. Along this fencing, at suitable intervals, there will be numerous entrance-ways and ticket-offices, so that from whatever quarter a visitor approaches he is sure to strike an entrance.

At the suggestion of the Empress, the presidents of the various provinces of Germany are collecting all articles connected with the treatment of the wounded in time of war, to be exhibited at our Centennial. One of the objects of interest will be a complete train fitted out expressly to transport sick and wounded.

THE Main Building for the Exposition at Philadelphia covers 2147-100 acres of ground, which alone is nearly equal to the whole space occupied by the London Exhibition of 1851, which covered 23.9-10 acres. Machinery Hall covers a space three times as large as the grounds of the New York Exhibition of 1853.

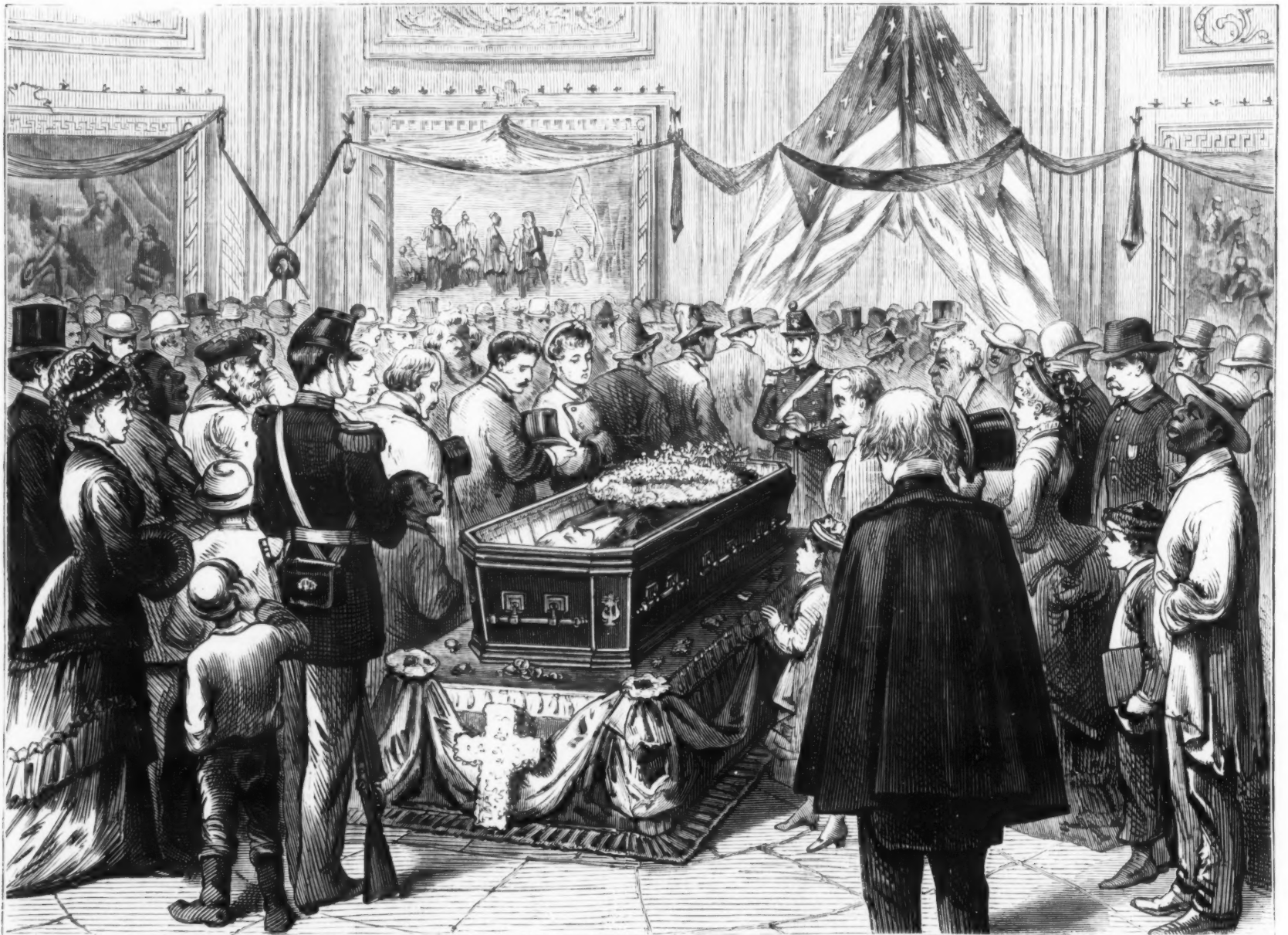
THE Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Paris, and most of the lodges in France, have subscribed to the fund for the erection of the monument to Liberty in New York harbor. For the same object, a grand and very successful *file* was given at the Palais d'Industrie, Paris, on November 19th, by the Franco-American Union.

ALL the arms used in the navy during the last one hundred years, models of all vessels constructed in that period, including all classes of ironclads and river monitors, plans of hospital ships, specimens of medicine-chests, and a thousand and one odd, curious and useful things, will give an idea of the vastness of the United States Navy.

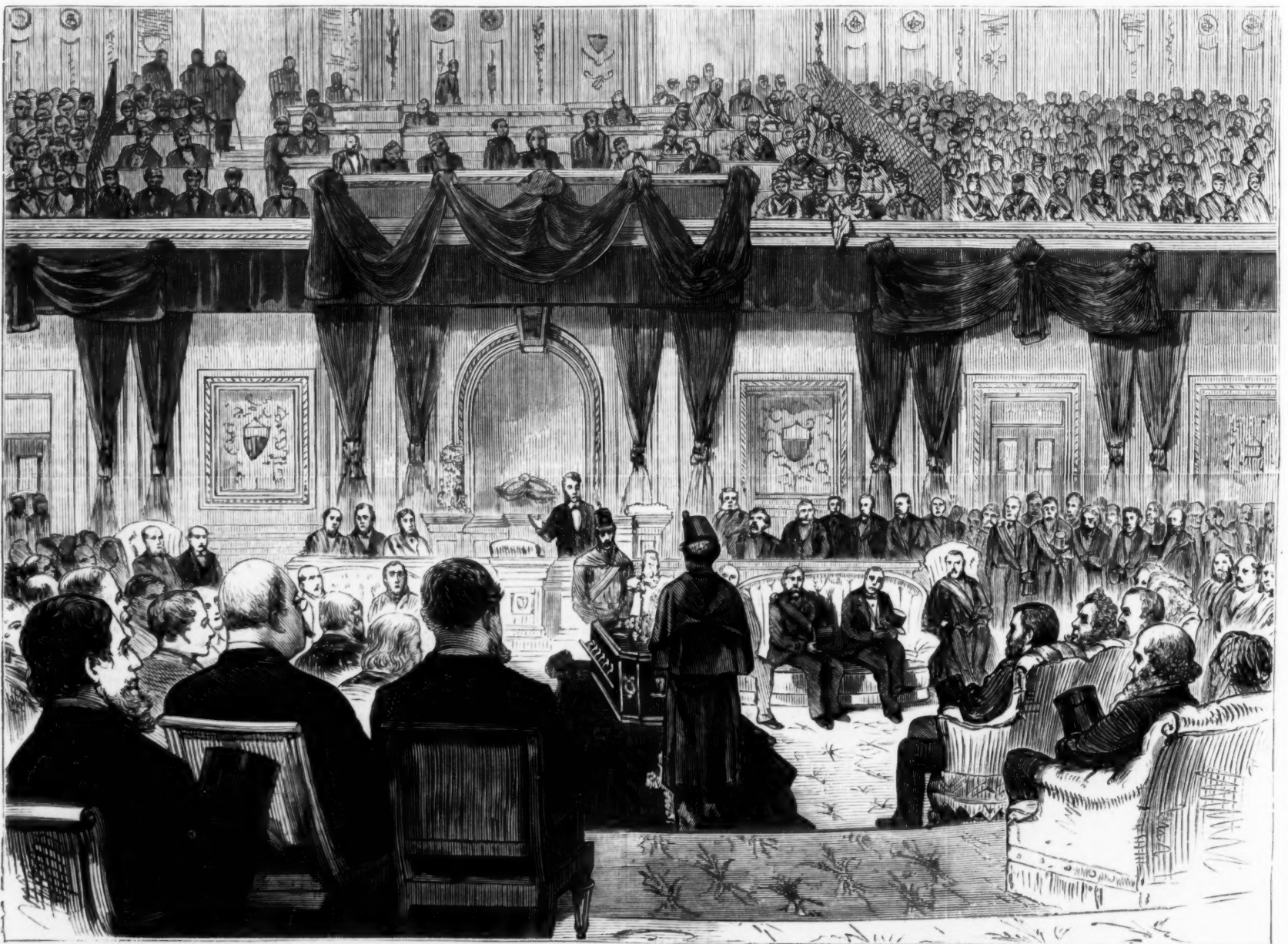
MR. THOMAS DAGNAN blew four enormous glass shades for statuary and other purposes at the works of the Union Glass Company, at Somerville, Mass., last week, in preparation for the Exhibition at Philadelphia. The largest measured five feet in height, by two feet in diameter, and the smallest about four feet by one and a half. Under favorable conditions Mr. Dagnan promises a shade twelve or more inches higher than the largest one produced.

It is said that in the Main Building every man, woman and child in the great State of Pennsylvania could be supplied with standing-room, and a good sized corner left for the entire population of the State of Maryland. Then a person can walk over one hundred miles in Machinery Hall, without going over the same spot twice. Taking all the buildings, a visitor to the Exposition can walk over five hundred miles, and not go over the same ground a second time.

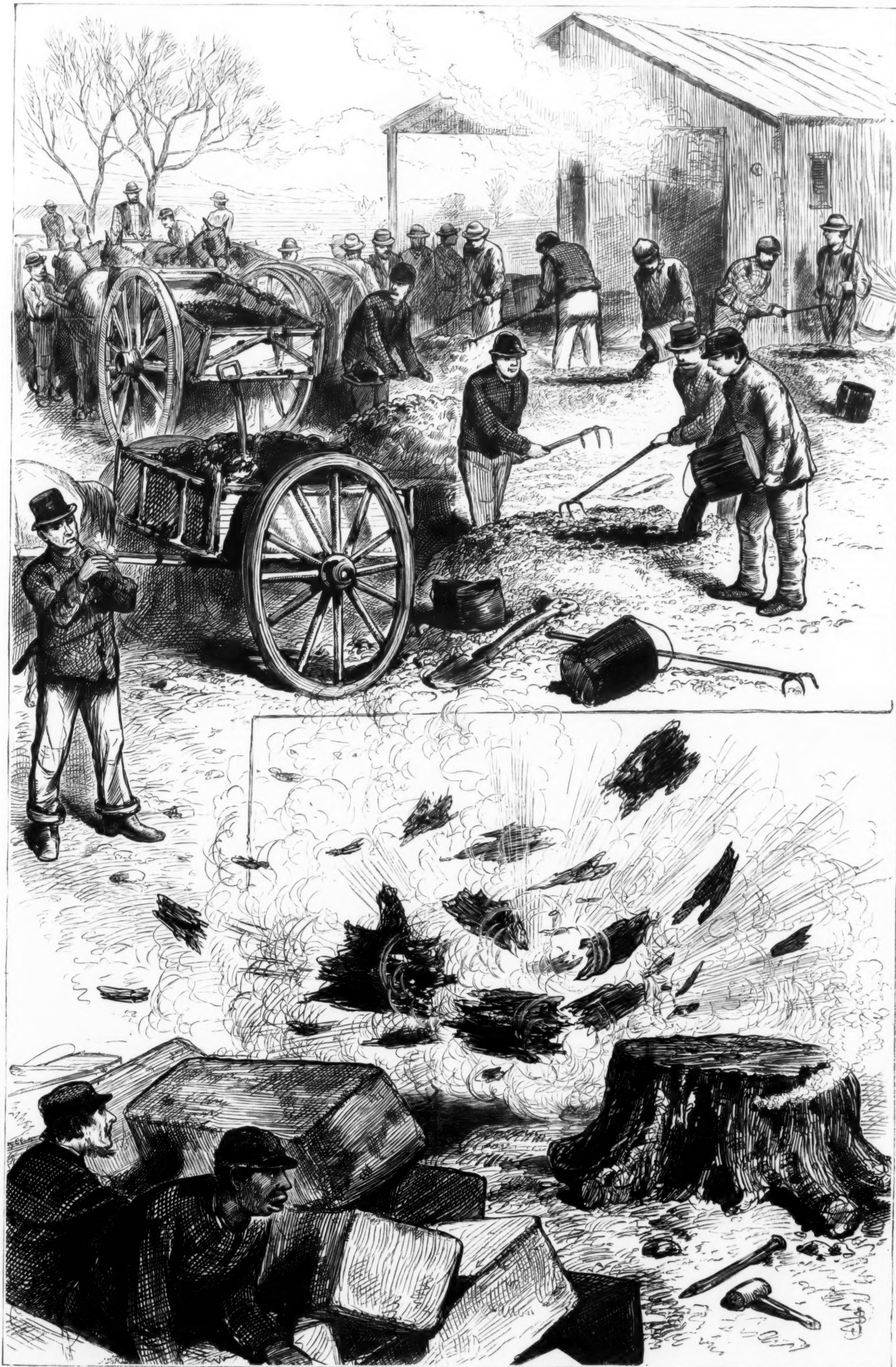
THE Centennial Regatta Committee announce that the boat races at the Exhibition will be international, and open to all regularly organized boat-clubs in the world. They will be rowed in accordance with the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association of the United States. They will consist of an international college race for four-oared shells, open only to undergraduates, and an international graduates' race, for fours, open only to graduates of colleges or universities. Professional races will be held, open to all crews throughout the world, for four-oared and single-scutt shells, for suitable prizes. The amateur races will be rowed one and a half miles straightaway. The professional races will be rowed three miles—one and a half miles and return. An entrance fee of \$25 will be charged for fours; \$15 for pairs and doubles, and \$10 for singles.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE BODY OF THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 218.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—FUNERAL SERVICE OVER THE REMAINS OF THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON, IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN. SEE PAGE 218.



1. Making Asphalt for the Walks. 2. Blasting out the Stumps of Trees.

THE HEART'S ANSWER.

"WHO calleth thee, Heart? World's strife,
With a golden belt to his knife;
World's Mirth, with a finger fine
That draws on a board in wine
Her blood red plans of life;
World's Gains, with a brow knit down;
World's Fame, with a laurel crown
Which rustles most as the leaves turn brown;
Heart, wilt thou go?"

"No, no!
Calm hearts are wiser so."

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED
BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

"ANOTHER Summer day," said Ethel to herself: "twelve hours of warm, sultry sun, and then night—another day of endurance, uncheered by hope."

She sat in the pretty morning-room at Fountayne, drawing a sketch lay before her, and she was copying it, but the pencil had fallen from her hand. She was leaning back in her chair; her eyes, with a far-off dreamy expression, lingered on the trees and flowers, a listless, weary expression was on her beautiful face, as of one who was tired beyond all power of words to tell. The Summer sun that rose so warm and brilliant brought no change for her—brought her no ray of hope, no gleam of light, no faint star of happiness—nothing but unchanged, unchangeable gloom.

As she sat there, Lady St. Norman entered the room. A faint gleam deepened in the violet eyes as they turned slowly to welcome her.

Helen went up to her with the air of one who has an unwelcome mission. She threw one arm caressingly round the neck of the girl and bent over her. "Ethel," she said, "I know you will not like what I have come to say to you."

Not the faintest light of interest or curiosity came into her eyes.

"What is it, Helen? Tell me; I neither like nor dislike anything."

"I am afraid that is true," said Lady St. Norman; "but, Ethel, it should not be. If you could see the weary, listless expression on your face, the tired look of your eyes! Oh, my darling child, why should it be so? Why should you not be bright, blithe, and gay?"

"Because I am tired," replied the girl. "But, Helen, you did not come to discuss my looks. What is it that you know I shall not like to hear?"

"Your father insists upon our acceptance of this invitation to Holmedale Park. We shall be compelled to go."

"He does not include me, Helen; he is speaking only of you and himself. Why should I go to Holmedale?"

"I am afraid, darling, he does include you. He has been very patient, Ethel—you must remember that; for some years he has allowed you to remain at home, and to do as you would in every way."

"Why does he wish to alter that now?" asked Ethel, but there was no impatience in her voice, no interest.

"It would require a long explanation to tell you why," replied Lady St. Norman. "There is some grand political combination on foot, and our party want to win Lord Leighton to their side; and he is at present wavering in the balance; he has invited us all to visit him; and your name was especially mentioned, as his only daughter, Clarice Leighton, is at home, and he wishes you to know her. Ethel, I have never asked you to give up your own wishes or your inclination before, but I do so now. It will please your father; and, if you can please him, do."

"I will go," agreed Ethel. "It does not matter much where one is. I will go to please him."

"And a little to please yourself," added Lady St. Norman, with a smile. "Confess, now, that it will be pleasant to meet nice people and have a little enjoyment."

"I cannot see any prospect of pleasure, Helen; but I will go, as I would do anything else in reason to please papa."

If she had known what going to Holmedale was to bring forth—if she had known that the dreary monotony of her life was to be broken up, never to be resumed—it she had foreseen the troubled joy and the bitter sorrow in store for her—she would not have spoken so quietly of going.

Two days afterwards they went to Holmedale, a beautiful estate in the most picturesque part of Cornwall. Lord Leighton's family seat, known to every artist and every lover of English home scenery. Lord Leighton had met the St. Normans during the previous season in London. He had conceived a great liking for the society of Lord St. Norman, as his wife had done for that of Lady Helen, and the visit was the result of a promise made in London.

Lady Leighton had expressed a great desire to see Ethel, and Lord St. Norman had promised them that he would bring her to Holmedale. As Lady St. Norman had said, a great political combination had arisen, and the visit was one of policy as well as of pleasure.

The journey was delightful, and their welcome at the Hall warm and affectionate. Clarice Leighton, who had hoped for the gay society of a beautiful girl, was somewhat dismayed when she was introduced to the magnificently lovely woman whose sad sweet eyes had a story in their depths. There was no hope of gay companionship with her. Lady Leighton was startled by her wondrous beauty. She said afterwards to her husband:

"Miss St. Norman is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen; but there is some sad experience in her face."

A large party was gathered at Holmedale, and Lord Leighton told the St. Normans that other visitors were expected; and they looked forward to a pleasant and agreeable sojourn. It was on the third day after their arrival that some one expressed a wish to see the beautiful Holme Woods, already famed in song and in story. Lady Leighton proposed a picnic luncheon there, and the idea was cordially welcomed.

During dinner the discussion turned on the education of the lower classes, for which Lord Leighton himself was a great advocate.

"I was astonished the other day," he said, "on going into a cottage belonging to one of my keepers, to find a volume of Racine's on the table, and to see one of Goethe's most famous works on the book-shelf. The man came in shortly afterwards, and I found that he was an excellent French and German scholar."

"That is the march of education indeed," said Lord St. Norman—"a keeper who is a good linguist."

"I confess to have felt some degree of surprise myself," acknowledged Lord Leighton. "But why

should I have felt it? The man may have had a good education; and what an infinite source of pleasure it must be to him!"

"I should imagine him to be somebody in disguise," said Miss Leighton, laughingly—"the heir of some noble house."

"He is one of the best servants I have ever had," observed Lord Leighton. "He has been with me rather more than a year, and he knows every tree in the woods, I believe. He would make an excellent guide for to-morrow. You will want to see the waterfall, and all the beauties of the neighborhood. I must send word for him to be in readiness."

"What is the name of your accomplished keeper?" asked one of the guests, carelessly.

"He rejoices in the very English name of John Smith," replied Lord Leighton; "and I think the prejudice against the name of Smith a very unjust one."

A discussion then arose over names, and the keeper who spoke French and German was forgotten.

The morning rose bright and beautiful, a Summer day without a cloud; the wind was sweet, soft and fragrant.

"The deep shade of the woods will be cool and pleasant to-day," said Lady Leighton. And her visitors agreed with her.

Some of the ladies took books, others took fancy-work, and it was settled that the party should spend the whole day in the woods, but should meet at the waterfall for luncheon at two.

On this warm, bright Summer day there were no gorgeous toilets; the ladies were content with dresses of muslin. Ethel wore one of blue, with a pretty white lace mantilla, and a hat with a white drooping plume; and Lady St. Norman, as she looked at her, thought she had never appeared more lovely—her queenly grace, her exquisite beauty, her royal dignity of manner, all showed on that day to the greatest advantage.

"Ethel," said Lady St. Norman, "try to enjoy yourself to-day. I wish that I could put a little of this sunshine into your heart."

But Ethel only stooped and kissed the kindly, anxious face.

"The sunshine would be of no use to me," she thought. "My sun has set."

At the large gates that led to the woods they were met by the keeper—a tall, handsome man, whose eyes were keen and blue; his features could hardly be distinguished because of his broad-brimmed hat and long mustache and beard and thick, curly hair. He doffed his hat with an air of good-breeding not lost upon the ladies. He spoke, and his voice was pleasant, his accent good; his figure was tall and well-formed, his manners were certainly superior to his position. He stood in silence while Lord Leighton discussed where they should go first.

"Let us see. We will visit Leighton's Folly first," he said—"that is the ruin of a picturesque old dower-house, built in the Italian style, by one of the ladies of Leighton, many years ago."

They went. A group of ladies stood round the rim of a fountain when the keeper first caught a glimpse of Ethel. She was standing under the shade of a large copper beech, and a light like that of burnished gold fell over her—fell on the beautiful sad face, the cloud-like dress and the rich, rippling masses of brown hair. As he looked, his handsome face first flushed deepest crimson, and then grew pale as death. He muttered something to himself—some strange words—and the keys that he held in his hand fell to the ground. He stooped to raise them, and then withdrew that he might watch the beautiful face more closely.

"It cannot be Ethel," he said to himself. "It cannot be she. Great Heavens, am I mad or dreaming? Shall I wake up and find myself at St. Ina's, and all that black, horrible time only a dream—only a dream? Ah, if it could be so! It cannot be she."

Ethel moved as he watched her, and a sharp, keen pain shot through his heart.

"It is Ethel. I know that smile, that graceful bend of the neck, that curve of the sweet, proud lips. It is her; it is Ethel—my wife—my wife!"

He turned aside—that strong, powerful man—with eyes dimmed with tears.

"I have found her at last," he said to himself—Ethel, Ethel—my wife!"

CHAPTER XLI.

LUNCHEON was all arranged after the most orderly and picturesque fashion, and the laughing, happy party were gathered around it. Ethel sat next to Clarice; some half-dozen gentlemen had tried to get a place near her, but she had cleverly evaded them all. Clarice was busy over some beautiful grapes. Looking up, laughingly, she said:

"Did you notice our disguised heir, the keeper? He is a very handsome man. There he is, standing by the well—and how intently he is watching us!"

"I did not notice him," returned Ethel, calmly.

But, when Clarice had turned to the gentleman nearest to her, she looked across at the keeper, whose eyes were fixed intently on her face.

At first she felt inclined to resent the intent, earnest gaze; a proud flush of annoyance rose to her beautiful face; and then there seemed to be something familiar in those keen blue eyes—something familiar, though half-forgotten, in that handsome, debonaire face—something in the pose of the tall figure which struck her with a thrill of uneasiness.

The truth came to her at last, with a keen, sharp pain—a feeling of despair; it came to her like a flash of lightning, and she knew that the man looking so wistfully, so earnestly, at her was no other than her husband, Laurie Carrington.

She did not cry out or faint; no deadly swoon came to her aid. She sat still and endured her agony. Neither rack nor scaffold ever gave greater torture than Ethel suffered as the truth flashed across her. The long calm, the dreary monotony, was broken at last; the respite was ended. She had borne the suspense of the long years, now she had to meet the consequences of her folly; there could be no more calm oblivion. He had returned, and the secret could be one no longer.

While the others talked and laughed, while the sound of happy voices filled her ear, she sat still and thought. One or two, looking at the beautiful, sad face, wondered what the story was that was written there. Lady St. Norman saw that Ethel's features were listless no longer, that a look of intent thoughtfulness had deepened them. Ethel was thinking what was to come next. Would he claim her, this husband of hers? Would he dare to tell the world the shameful story of how he had practiced on her youth—how he had duped her, lured her to her ruin, imposed on her girlish simplicity and ignorance? Would he dare to tell that story to the world?

If he did claim her, could she be forced to go to him? No—she thought not. Her father would surely befriend her, unless, knowing what she had done, he grew angry with her, and cast her off. She would never go to Laurie Carrington, even if

he had recourse to the law, and the law directed her. She would kill herself rather than submit.

Supposing that he did not claim her—that he only haunted her—how was she to bear it? The terrible reality of what she had done had never come home to her until now. Since the fatal hour of her marriage she had never seen him, and the oblivion that seemed to have fallen over him made her lot perhaps easier to bear; but, now that she saw him again, the disgrace, the humiliation, the degradation of her position flashed across her—at any moment this man, who was a common forger, might claim her, publicly claim her, as his wife. If she but knew what he intended to do, it would be easier to bear.

While her whole soul was racked with terrible suspense and terrible anguish, by the torture of shame, and the deadly fear of exposure, she was obliged to answer questions, to smile in reply to remarks made to her. She could have cried aloud in her anguish. She could have prayed to the blue heavens to fall upon and hide her. Yet she was outwardly calm—only the quivering of the sweet lips and the tight clenching of the white hands betrayed that she was not as calm as she appeared.

She felt that the crisis of her life had arrived, and she braced herself to meet it. Gradually she calmed the trembling nerves.

"I must bear my fate," she thought. "No regret, no complaint will be of the least use to me. I have borne before, and I must bear again. Endurance is the great lesson of life."

She must bear it. Let life bring what it might, it must end. She was passive in the hands of her fate. When she roused herself, Clarice was laughing at her.

"You are in dream land, Miss St. Norman," she said. "When you feel disposed to return, will you answer papa's question? He is asking if you would like to go to the priory. The ruins are pretty, but not large."

Ethel turned with a crimson face to Lord Leighton.

"I should like it very much," she said, without knowing in the least what she was saying.

Then they all rose, and went away together. She did not turn round to look at her husband. She never even glanced that way. If he intended to speak to her, he would without doubt find an opportunity; she would not. Yet she would not have felt in the least surprised if he had claimed her publicly, and called her his wife.

She walked over the greensward, the wild-flowers clustering beneath her feet, the green boughs tossing and waving above her head.

"Am I dead to all pain?" she asked herself—for the stupor of despair that had overwhelmed her prevented her feeling the full smart of her sorrow.

More than once that day—that long, dreary, never-to-be-forgotten-day—did she hear the sound of his voice quite close to her; but she never looked at him. The sound made her faint and ill; it made her shudder with loathing and dread. More than once, in passing, the folds of her dress touched him. She did not draw them aside with a haughty gesture; she would not seem to avoid him or to seek for an opportunity of speaking to him. She called all her natural pride and dignity to her aid—she bore herself with royal grace.

Only heaven knew how great her relief was when Lord Leighton said that it was time to return. The party was divided into laughing, merry groups. Some one was talking to Ethel, and she saw the keeper coming towards her with something white in his hand.

"He is coming to claim me," she thought, and a flame of true courage seemed to flash from her heart to her face. She stood proudly erect to meet the blow. "I will die hard, she said to herself with a bitter smile.

He was standing before her, hat in hand, bowing low, as a slave before an empress. He held out a small, folded paper.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but this, I think, belongs to you."

She looked at him steadily, and his eyes fell before her proud, serene gaze. For one half minute she was tempted to defy him—to say it was not hers, and then turn proudly away. But something like a gleam of pity for him came over her, and she took the paper from him. He turned quickly away.

At last she was alone in her room at Holmedale Park. She never remembered returning; but she was there, holding that folded paper in her hand. A mist swam before her eyes; a proud, indignant flush rose to her face. The words of the paper filled her with indescribable loathing.

"I have found you, Ethel—my wife—at last, after looking for you for long months. I have found you, and have once more looked upon that face which contains all the beauty of earth for me. Ethel, I must speak to you. I never thought when the sun rose that I should see you before it had set. Ethel, I must see you. Will you walk to-morrow in the Holme Woods, as I will be there? I have so much to say to you; but I can think of nothing now, except that I have seen you, Ethel, my beautiful wife."

She tore the paper into a thousand shreds. "I will not meet him," she said to herself. "He is a released felon. He has deceived me once, but he shall never deceive me again. He may do what he pleases, but I will not meet him."

Her anger and indignation were most violent; they outweighed her despair. Then the requirements of society had to be met. She was obliged to go down to dinner, and look as composed as could be. She would not go out at all on the day following, lest he should be waiting and see her.

"He must understand once and for all that there can be no word between him and me," she said to herself. "If he persists in claiming me, my friends must shield me, or I will go away and hide myself."

So she spent the whole day in the house and would not leave it.

Three days passed, and she heard no word of him. She never forgot the slow torture of those days, the miserable suspense, the uncertainty. Every noise alarmed her, every voice startled her; she was every moment expecting, dreading, fearing that he would make some sign—yet from him none came.

She heard at last. As they stood one morning, just after luncheon, discussing some charades that were to be acted that evening, Ethel saw a footman coming towards her with a beautiful basket of ferns in his hand. The man bowed and held them out to her.

"The keeper has sent these, miss, and he says you will find a list of ferns inside."

She was compelled to take it because so many people were looking on, but her face flushed proudly. Lord Leighton smiled.

"Smith told me yesterday, Miss St. Norman, that he was looking for some ferns for you. You wished for some, I suppose?"

She would not have told an untruth to save her life. Fortunately Lord Leighton did not wait for a reply.

"Holme Woods have always been famous for their ferns," he said; "I am glad you have so beautiful a collection, Miss St. Norman."

And Ethel, with a smile, turned away.

CHAPTER XLII.

"I AM not surprised, Ethel"—so the second letter ran—"that you refuse to see me; but, my wife, it must be! Desperate men do desperate deeds, and I have long been desperate. I must see and speak to you. I have wronged you enough, Ethel; I cannot bear to bring more sorrow upon you. I do not want to make the secret that binds us public. Let me see you and arrange for our future. Oh, Ethel, Ethel, let me look once more into the heaven of your eyes, and I shall be content! Let me speak to you once more, and, Ethel, you shall do with me as you will. I ask one grace from you—do not hate me for the wrong that I have done you."

She read the letter, and despite her anger, she felt something like pity for him. He had loved her so dearly, he had worshipped her so passionately. Moreover, the tone of his letter was so humble. He promised to do as she wished. Perhaps, after all, the shame and disgrace of a public scandal might be spared—her secret kept. Perhaps he would promise never to molest her—never to claim her; and by that one interview she might secure peace.

She would go and meet him, she decided. She would hear what he had to say. Not that it would make any difference now, but she might persuade him to go away and leave her in peace. She would meet him in the woods; it would be very easy for her to get away under the pretext of sketching. Even if she were seen speaking to him, nothing would be thought of it, because it was known that he had been collecting ferns for her.

So she wrote a little note, telling him that she would be in Holme Woods on the day following. The note was so written that all the world might have read it, and have seen no more in it than a simple desire to procure more ferns. The note was returned with the basket to John Smith, the keeper.

The hour came when they two—husband and wife who had been as strangers—stood face to face. They met in the woods while the sun was full at noon, and the world smiling under its warm caress. They stood face to face, she looking calmly at him; after a longing, wistful, pitiful glance, he fell on his knees at her feet.

"Ethel!" he cried, "I have longed to see you; but now, that you are here, I scarcely dare to look at your face. I am ashamed."

"It was a cruel deception, Mr. Carrington," she said in a clear, pitiless voice—"cruel, base and unmanly. You took a mean advantage of my youth—you lured me to what you knew was my ruin!"

"I know it, Ethel. I have no excuse to offer except that I loved you dearly. I could not live without you—and love urged me on."

"Pray do not speak of love," she said, with calm, grave contempt. "As I understand the word, you know nothing of it. When men love, they spare, and are merciful; you had no pity upon me. Heaven help me now!"

"Oh, Ethel—proud, beautiful Ethel! speak one word to me! I would give my life to undo what I did then—I would suffer anything to give you back your freedom."

"It is too late," she said; "your pity comes all too late."

"I thought it would be different," he explained. "I never meant you to know the story of my sin. I thought I could persuade you to go to America with me, and, Ethel, I would have made you happy. I would have given you all that your heart desired."

"That is, you would have kept me on the proceeds of forgery and theft!" she interrupted, passionately.

"No—not so. I loved you so dearly that your love would have made a good man of me."

"I have missed a glorious mission," she said, mockingly.

"Oh, Ethel!" he pleaded, "do not be so hard upon me! See, I am kneeling, praying to you for one kind word! Give me that, and I will go away—I will go to the uttermost ends of the earth, where no sight of me shall ever trouble you again. One kind word, Ethel!"

"I shall never speak it," she said, haughtily. "What right have you, who have marred my whole life, to ask one kind word from me?"

"Have I blighted your whole life, Ethel?" he asked, sadly.

"You must know that you have. I was only a child when you met me—a fearless, ignorant, willful child. You played upon my pride—upon my foolish wish for revenge—and so persuaded me to marry you. You knew that I was too young to understand how solemn and serious a thing marriage is. Had you been all that you represented yourself—had you been a gentleman, a man of honor, it would still have been base and bad enough. But you were not a gentleman; you were a forger. You were not an honorable man, but a thief! Soiled and stained with crime, how dared you marry me?"

"How dared I?" he echoed; "oh, Ethel, it was the irresistible might of my love!"

"Of your selfishness, rather!" she cried. "It was not love. You have blighted my whole life."

He looked up at her with a wistful, piteous glance.

"Ethel," he said, humbly, "did you ever love me?"

"No," she replied, "never in the least. You flattered me, you gratified my foolish pride, you made my anticipated revenge seem very sweet; but I never loved you, not even on that Summer morning when we stood in the old church together. You flattered me, and I had a kindly liking for you which I mistook for love. I knew afterwards that I never had loved and never could love you."

"What has become of your liking, Ethel?" he asked.

"It has changed into unutterable contempt," she replied; "contempt that lies too deep for words."

"I cannot expect anything else," he said, mournfully. "I deserve it all. It was selfish and cruel; but I loved you so dearly, Ethel. I would die to undo it. I thought it would all be so different. I thought we should go to some distant land where I might spend my whole life in loving you and foiling for you—where you would never hear of my sin. I would not have made you my wife if I had foreseen what was to happen. Ethel—do not be afraid—tell me, have you seen any one whom you could have loved?"

"Yes, I have seen one such. I have loved and parted with the man who loved me and who would have made my life all fair and bright but for you."

"I am so sorry—oh, if I could but free you, Ethel!"

"It is too late for freedom to benefit me," she rejoined. "Live your life—repent of your sin; your death could do no good to me."

"Ethel, one kind word! Oh, if you knew what I have suffered, the torture I have experienced in longing for one glimpse of you—for one word from you. I am a wicked man; my crime was great, but my sufferings have exceeded it. I bade you good-by at that little gate, hoping in a few short hours to be far away with you, my beautiful, beloved wife, by my side. Can you imagine what I endured when I was captured and taken away?"

"It was but the just reward for your mean and wretched sin," she replied.

Something like a sob came from his lips. "You are so cruelly hard, Ethel," he said—"so terribly hard. I am kneeling here at your feet, sad and humble. I do not ask for your love, only for your pity; not even for your liking—only for your pardon, and you refuse it to me."

"I do refuse it," returned the clear, sweet, pitiless voice. "Such a wrong as you did me deserves no pardon, can have none. I will never forgive you for having blighted my life."

"I will undo what I have done if I can," he offered, sadly. "There is one way in which you can be freed from me, Ethel. Tell your father—I hear that he is a man of great influence—tell him your story, and let him take proceedings for a divorce."

"It would be useless if I did," she rejoined, "my freedom would not benefit me. I would rather die than tell an honorable gentleman like my father that I had married a felon."

A low cry came from his lips. "Oh, Ethel, Ethel, you wound me! I cannot bear the sound of such words from your lips!" and in the silence of the sweet Summer morning she heard him sob like a grieving child.

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS OF THE WORK AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

THE activity at the Centennial Grounds still continues. The work of putting the buildings in such a state of forwardness that the Winter months may be utilized in perfecting the interior decorations occupies the energies of thousands of workmen, and others are busy doing all that can be done towards laying out the grounds with good walks, beautiful lawns and tasteful flower-beds. These out-door works employ an immense number of men, and like everything else within the space devoted to the Exhibition, are conducted on a gigantic scale. We present this week two sketches of the work in progress. One of a group busily mixing stone and tar for the asphalt pavements, and the other showing the blasting of the huge stumps of the old trees that are being removed to make way for graceful drives and elegant walks.

DR. McLEAN'S BLOCK AND PALACE TOWER.

OUR handsome illustration of this famous structure is an accurate representation of the most prominent landmark in St. Louis, where it stands like a huge sentinel in the centre of that vast city. A rare genius is exhibited in the design and thorough good judgment is manifested in every detail of construction, also in making it fire-proof and applicable for business purposes. In its various arrangements for imposing appearance, convenience and utility of space, Mr. James Stewart, the celebrated architect, has secured a happy medium, combining grandeur, beauty and usefulness. In this building, as well as many others designed by this very competent gentleman, there are numerous novelties whose striking and effective features are revolutionizing architectural plans and introducing lightness, grace and elegance of style in the greater number of buildings now being constructed in the West. The front of Dr. McLean's Block is a pleasing commingling of Italian and Florentine architecture, which presents a charming and graceful appearance. The composite style of the Missouri granite columns, which ornament and support the grand entrance, exhibits exquisitely symmetrical form. Over this portico is a niche, in which a marble group represents Hercules combating with a Lion, and in which the sculptor has placed the head of Dr. McLean as the shoulders of the son of Jupiter. As the doctor is a man of large frame, splendid physique, and has a remarkable face, the design is very appropriate. Surmounting the canopy there are two finely carved, double life-size statues, representing Commerce and Industry.

The admirable arrangement of the interior of the building is worthy the attention of builders who wish to secure like results in utilizing space and a complete system of light and ventilation. On the first floor there are five splendidly arranged and elegantly fitted stores, which front on Fourth Street and extend back on Market Street to an alleyway one hundred and fifty feet in the rear. An immense transverse, clear and beautiful skylight, with an opening of fifty-four feet width, crosses over the centres of the stores, and on the several stories above, the numerous fine offices are easily accessible by means of transverse galleries. These are reached by a broad stairway, and also by a new style of hydraulic elevator. A notable feature also introduced by the doctor for the convenience of his tenants is, that at the entrance there is a series of speaking-tubes, through which communication can be held with every office in the building.

The dome, which is the most conspicuous feature of the structure, is over a hundred feet high, presents a massive and pleasing appearance, and is the first object that catches the vision of persons coming to the city from all points of the compass. From the gallery, which surrounds the dome, there is a commanding and beautiful view of the city and an area of over two hundred square miles of the surrounding picturesque country. Surmounting the dome is a tower, in which are located the immense reflectors, around which a large frame is made to revolve every five minutes, by the power of a magnetic clock. This is illuminated every night, and its kaleidoscopic colors present a pleasing and attractive novelty to the wondering multitude who watch it slowly turning its unceasing round. This unique curiosity is the newest of all the odd and interesting inventions incident to Western enterprise. On each side of the beacon there are transparencies, which exhibit the business of the most prominent occupants of the Block. The principal of these are handsome cards, on which are painted the names of Dr. McLean's Celebrated Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier; Volcanic Liniment; Wonderful Healing Plaster; Chinoline Pills; White Crystal-coated Universal Pills, Cough and Lung-healing Globules, Catarrh Snuff, etc. The latter two remedies involve a new principle and way of curing consumption, throat and lung diseases. These new remedies have been lately introduced, and are creating a vast deal of interest in all sections of the country, on account of the relief which the use of them furnishes to invalids. Trial boxes costing only twenty-five cents can be sent by mail everywhere. The clock is situated in the extreme pinnacle of the tower, a hundred and seventy feet above the street, and its four large dials are always illuminated at night. To these fingers of time thousands of people daily and nightly turn their eyes, and other thousands regulate their duties and appointments by the music of its bells, which accurately announce the hours and fractions. The large bell for telling the hours with wonderfully clear and powerful tones was on the *Leviathan* when that famous steamboat was burned.

The history of Dr. J. H. McLean's life is worthy of special study by the young men of this age, who wish to follow an invaluable example of what practical and substantial benefits result from industry, prudence and honesty. In the portrait of this gentleman, which was published in FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, there is seen a handsome, kindly face; pleasing, tender eyes; a mouth expressive of great firmness and decision of character, and every feature of his general appearance indicating a person of prominence. He has a large frame, commanding presence, suave manners, and pleasing dignity, which demand and receive universal respect and courtesy. He looks like a generous soldier, who is always certain of success, and has won many victories in the battle of life. Though he has a princely income and ever-increasing business, he does not think he is justifiable in idling away an hour in idleness, and hence he is as laborious a worker in his own industrial hive as any of his employes. This course of energy and activity he has constantly pursued during all the years of his successful career since he landed in St. Louis in 1849, a poor young man, but plucky, and determined to secure a fortune by honest industry and perseverance. He began business in an 8x10 room, and has increased his facilities as the requirements demanded, until at the present time his laboratory and premises occupy to the fullest capacity all of the immense five story building at No. 314 Chestnut Street. The publication of many millions of his accurately calculated Almanacs, which are printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Norwegian, Bohemian, etc., occupies the vast area of another large building of five stories, and employs a great number of persons during the entire year.

The splendid success of this gentleman fairly entitles him to the merit and esteem in which he is held, and his reputation for excellence of character and philanthropy, which will remain embalmed in the memory of his many friends when this famous tower will be covered with the gray lichens of age, and the stone and iron of the splendid monument lie crumbled in the ruins of time.

VELVETS.

VELVET was originally an Asiatic production, introduced into Rome at the time of the Emperors. It seems that the ancient Greeks were not acquainted with it. In the Middle Ages, some manufacturers of velvet were established at Constantinople, and in some other towns of the Eastern Empire. At a later time, the fabrication of velvets prospered at Venice, at Genoa, and at other towns of Italy, before they were known in France. Two Genoese imported this branch of industry into Lyons, where they established a manufacture, under the auspices of François I., in 1536. Velvet, by the richness of its texture, at once took the priority on the Continent of all tissues. It became the chief material of the costumes of the middle classes, the ornament of ceremonials, and was employed to set off sumptuous apartments.

SILK TRADE OF JAPAN.

OF late years the silk trade of Japan has had to contend against many difficulties, for perhaps no other article has been subjected to such constant and heavy fluctuations in value as has been the case with raw silk. This becomes all the more evident when we consider that the decrease in value, compared with the highest point reached in 1870, amounts to about 50 per cent. It is not difficult to account for this state of things, for not only has the manufacture of silk in Japan greatly increased and exceeded the demand, but its use has been somewhat restricted owing to the introduction of other fabrics, and the slackness of trade has likewise exercised a depressing influence on the raw material. An increase of production has notably taken place in China, for whereas some six or eight years ago not more than 26,000 bales of silk were annually shipped from Shanghai, it is estimated that during the past season no less than 70,000 bales left that port. The disappearance of the silkworm disease from the shores of Europe, and the subsequent more successful operations, cannot have failed to exercise some influence on the Japanese silk trade.

TOO MUCH MARRYING.

THERE is altogether too much marrying by form of law those who at the most are only a third or half married in other ways; and there is altogether too much urging and coaxing and alluring young people into the most important and sacred of all human relations before they are prepared or moved to assume its burdens, and by those who ought to know better and act with more consideration. We make too much of marrying and being married, until it is thought by many people somewhat of a disgrace for a woman to pass through life alone, when, in fact, the life of many a single woman is poetry, romance, rapture even, in comparison with that of many a wife. So there is a vast deal of marrying with very little of real marrying; a vast deal of discontent, heartache, misery, hypocrisy, and unmarrying at the last. What we want is, not a more stringent divorce law, but a better understanding of the moral law, which forbids the marrying of those not already one; not less marrying, but less marrying where there is no real marrying. And above all, let there be no inciting or bribing those to marry who are not drawn to each other, and held inseparably together by qualities of mind and soul.

HOW A WOMAN MADE A FORTUNE.

THE Laramie Sentinel (Wyoming Territory), says: "Six years ago Mrs. Mary Ahart was living in a little tent on the edge of the town. Her whole worldly possessions consisted of this tent, a straw bed, two or three boxes, which served as chairs and table, a little seven or eight-year-old girl, and two cows and calves. She sold the spare milk of these two cows, carrying it around town with a tin pail, and with the product, and from work which she did for her neighbors, supported herself and child. When she could get three or five dollars ahead she would buy another calf or yearling. It is not our purpose to trace her progress up to the present time minutely; but the result is that she now, in less than seven years, has several hundred head of cattle, a fine farm, with nice buildings and improvements, a comfortable, even luxuriant home, and instead of carrying milk around by hand, rides in her own carriage. Her daughter is a young lady, educated and accomplished. To day Mrs. Ahart's property is valued at from \$40,000 to \$50,000. And she made it all by honest industry and good management. She never had a Government contract, or fell heir to any property."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT IS STATED that several species of canary seed are now used as food for race horses on account of the large percentage of nutritive matter which such seed contains, unmingled with any objectionable substances.

THE DISCOVERY of a new metal has been announced to the French Academy of Sciences by M. de Boisboudran. The new metal, which is called gallium, was found by the spectroscopic in zinc ores, with which metal it has much resemblance in common, although showing sufficiently distinctive chemical characteristics. This addition raises the list of elements to 66, the metals alone being represented by 52 bodies.

A PROFESSOR OF THE ACADEMY OF GRENOBLE, M. Violle, made several balloon ascents in the Alps last Summer in order to measure the degree of heat generated by the sun, and consequently the temperature emanating from that body. It is said by the *Liberté* that M. Violle is quite opposed to the idea that the degree of temperature is immense; he says that it is not much hotter than temperatures produced in the laboratories.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN why lobsters boil red. The shell of the lobster is imbued with a black or a bluish-black pigment, secreted by the true skin, which also gives out the calcareous matter after each molt, so that lime and pigment are blended together. The pigment becomes red (pale or intense) in water at the temperature of 212 degs. Fahr.; and the same effect is produced by the action of alcohol, ether, and various acids.

A PECULIAR GLASS has been invented in Count Solm's glass works, near Bunzlau. This glass, which the inventor calls "metal-glass," is so hard that when a pane lies on the ground, and a leaden ball of two ounces weight falls upon it from an elevation of twelve feet, it receives not the slightest impression; nor is it in the least affected, the *Medical Circular* states, when dipped whilst red-hot into cold water. Window-panes, lamp-cylinders, and other articles of domestic use, made from this metal-glass, can therefore be regarded as almost unbreakable.

THE IMPORTANCE of preserving the wholesomeness of water kept on shipboard, especially on long voyages, has led Professor Kolbe to make a series of experiments by filling new barrels with good water, and adding to some of them small quantities of salicylic acid, one gramme to twenty litres of water being the maximum. The experiments were made during the Winter, and the barrels were therefore kept in a heated room. According to a letter received from Professor Kolbe, the experiments have so far been satisfactory; but, for the purpose of giving the experiment a more practical shape, a number of barrels were filled in a similar manner, and sent out to sea in the early part of June, on board of a ship which has started from Hamburg on a year's cruise. At the expiration of this time the water is to be examined, and the final results will then be published.

DR. BURG, a French physician, has published a little book in which he endeavors to controvert, by reference to his own observations and personal experience, the notion commonly entertained that the use of wind instruments is injurious to individuals characterized by pectoral weakness. He remarks: "Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians wield enormous wind instruments, have sorrowed over the few years the poor fellows have to live. Well, they are mistaken. All the men whose business it is to try the wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale are, without exception, free from pulmonary affections. I have known many who, on entering on this calling, were very delicate; and who, nevertheless, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption, eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive—and we all three play wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreary art in order to conquer pulmonary diseases."

A BEAUTIFUL STYLE OF BRONZE OR COPPER WORK, ornamented with gold and silver, is now manufactured in Paris, under the name of *bronzes incrustés*, the process of production being both new and ingenious. After an object of copper or bronze has received the desired form, the drawings are made with water-colors, the body of which is white lead. If several pieces are to have the same design, it may be printed on them by the process used in porcelain painting. Those parts of the surface not painted are covered with varnish. The object is then placed in dilute nitric acid, by means of which the paint is dissolved, and the surface of the metal is etched to a certain depth; when the etching is finished, it is washed with water and immediately placed in a silver or gold bath, and a layer of the precious metal deposited by electricity on the exposed parts of the surface. The varnish is then thoroughly removed and the whole surface ground or polished, so that the ornamented part is just even with the rest, when the surface is bronzed, this operation not affecting the color of the gold or silver. A very fine effect is said to be obtained by producing black bronze of sulphuret of copper on those parts of the surface which lie between the ornamental work.

THE PROGRAMME of the "Congress and International Exhibition of means, appliances and instruments for saving life and preserving health," which will be held in Brussels in June, 1876, sets forth in the following concise manner the nature and character of the proceedings: "The Exhibition and Congress will be divided into ten classes. The first class will comprise all relating to saving of life from fire by land and by sea, and will consist of five sections, each devoted to a particular branch of the subject. The second class, in six divisions, will in like manner contain all relating to the saving of life on and in the water, including the lighting of coasts, shipwrecks, the safe construction of vessels of all classes, and the transport and treatment of sick and wounded on board ship. The third class will be devoted to the means of preventing accidents in traveling by road or by rail, and will be divided into ten sub-sections. The fourth class will consist of aid to belligerents in time of war, in five sections, comprising means of transport, surgical appliances, ambulances and field hospitals, the disposal of the dead, and the sanitation of battle-fields and encampments. The fifth class, in eight sub-sections, will embrace the wide field of hygiene and public health. The sixth class will include, in three sections, the means of maintaining the health and protecting the lives of all engaged in industrial pursuits. The seventh class will be occupied, in four sections, with private and domestic health. The eighth class will discuss medicine, surgery and pharmacy, in relation to all the preceding classes; and the ninth class will comprehend all institutions intended to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, such as life-assurance companies, benefit and co-operative societies, infirmaries and convalescent hospitals, and means of promoting temperance, etc. The tenth and last class will contain, in seventeen sub-sections, the protection of health and life in connection with agriculture." The means, apparatus and processes shown will be open to scrutiny, and as often as possible public discussions will familiarize their modes of action and uses. These discussions will be collected and published in small tracts at the lowest possible cost, in order to spread abroad a knowledge of the principles of health and safety. The money required for this admirable undertaking has been raised by subscription in Belgium, and the enterprise is to be under the protection of the King of the Belgians and of the city of Brussels.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA has presented to the Brighton Aquarium a turtle weighing 300 pounds, taken from the Island of Ascension.

It is remarked of John Bright, as an evidence of his power over a large audience, that in a fine passage in one of his recent speeches out of 190 words, 149 were of a single syllable.

THE COURT of Common Council of London has decided to confer upon Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, the freedom of the city, in a box valued at one hundred guineas.

JUDGE R. A. HILL, of the United States Court at Jackson, Miss., is about the most sensible judicial officer in the country, for he will not permit a man to be sworn as a juror who cannot read and write.

THE KING of Bavaria has at his disposal thirteen orders of noble distinction; the Emperor William of Germany has eleven; the King of Spain, ten; the Emperor of Austria, nine; the Czar of Russia, eight; Queen Victoria, seven; and the President of France, one.

LADY MAYORESS STONE of London, after the inauguration of her husband, entertained at dinner the Lady Mayoresses of the last sixteen years, and presented to Mrs. Davies, the housekeeper, an elegant clock, in remembrance of her faithful services during the years of office of each of the guests.

BISMARCK is waging a most relentless war against his quondam friend Count Von Arnim, and has recently sought to open a personal quarrel with the convicted statesman. His latest step, however, was to secure an indictment against him for treason for his alleged authorship of the pamphlet criticism of his trials and the animus that prompted them. If Bismarck keeps on at this rate, he will place Von Arnim before the world, not as a servant who has broken faith with his country, but as a martyr to the most despotic authority.

IN June next there will be a grand International Exhibition of means, appliances, and apparatus for saving life and preserving health, at Brussels, preceded by a Congress for the discussion of the methods, to be thoroughly illustrated by models. The President-General is Lieutenant General Renard, aide-de-camp to the King; the President of Honor is the Prince of Wales, and the heads of national bodies participating, so far chosen, are the Lord Mayor of London for Great Britain, Prince Frederick William, of Berlin, for Germany, the Archduke William for Austria, the Syndic of Rome for Italy, the Archduke Charles Louis, of Penth, for Hungary, and M. Dupuy de Lome, of Paris, for France. The Treasurer is the Baron Arthur de Rothschild, and the Secretary-General, M. Mercier, No. 6 Rue Ducale, Brussels.

THE NAME of General Juan N. Burriel, "the butcher of Cuba," after the lapse of two years, has turned up again in the public prints. It appears that, after running an ignominious course as Governor of Santiago de Cuba, he was ordered to Spain, where he was appointed Captain-General of the province in which Bilbao is situated. Recently, Mr. Layard, the British Minister, had occasion to pass through the district, when Burriel announced his intention to pay him an official visit. Mr. Layard quite naturally refused to hold any intercourse with the brute, and it can be hardly possible that the Minister of State remonstrated with Mr. Layard, as a telegram reports. Burriel is a Cuban by birth of obscure origin, and the little he knows of the art of war was acquired in an English military institute. He is bombastic, violent, tyrannical, bloodthirsty and cruel. The story of his infamy in the *Virginius* matter will remain as a foul blot upon humanity, as well as the escutcheon of Spain, as long as either exist.

GENERAL QUESADA, who captured San Cristobal, with all the Carlist positions in the neighborhood of Pamplona, last week, is said to possess, more fully than any other officer, the confidence and affection of the Spanish army. It will not be readily forgotten with what determination he maintained his position on the line of Vittoria, or how, after a rumor of an application from the Spanish Government to foreign powers for intervention, and when gloom hung over all, public confidence in Spain was at once resuscitated by the news that General Quesada had forced the Carlist position in the old County of Trevino, and had sent General Silló to the relief of Vittoria. He follows up one success with another, striking blows so rapidly that his opponents are allowed no time to recover from the shocks. Yet, with all his victories, he has displayed a heart of great magnanimity, one of his last humane acts being to release a large number of wounded Carlists who had accidentally fallen into his hands. He appears to have attained all the popularity that the late Marshal Prim possessed.

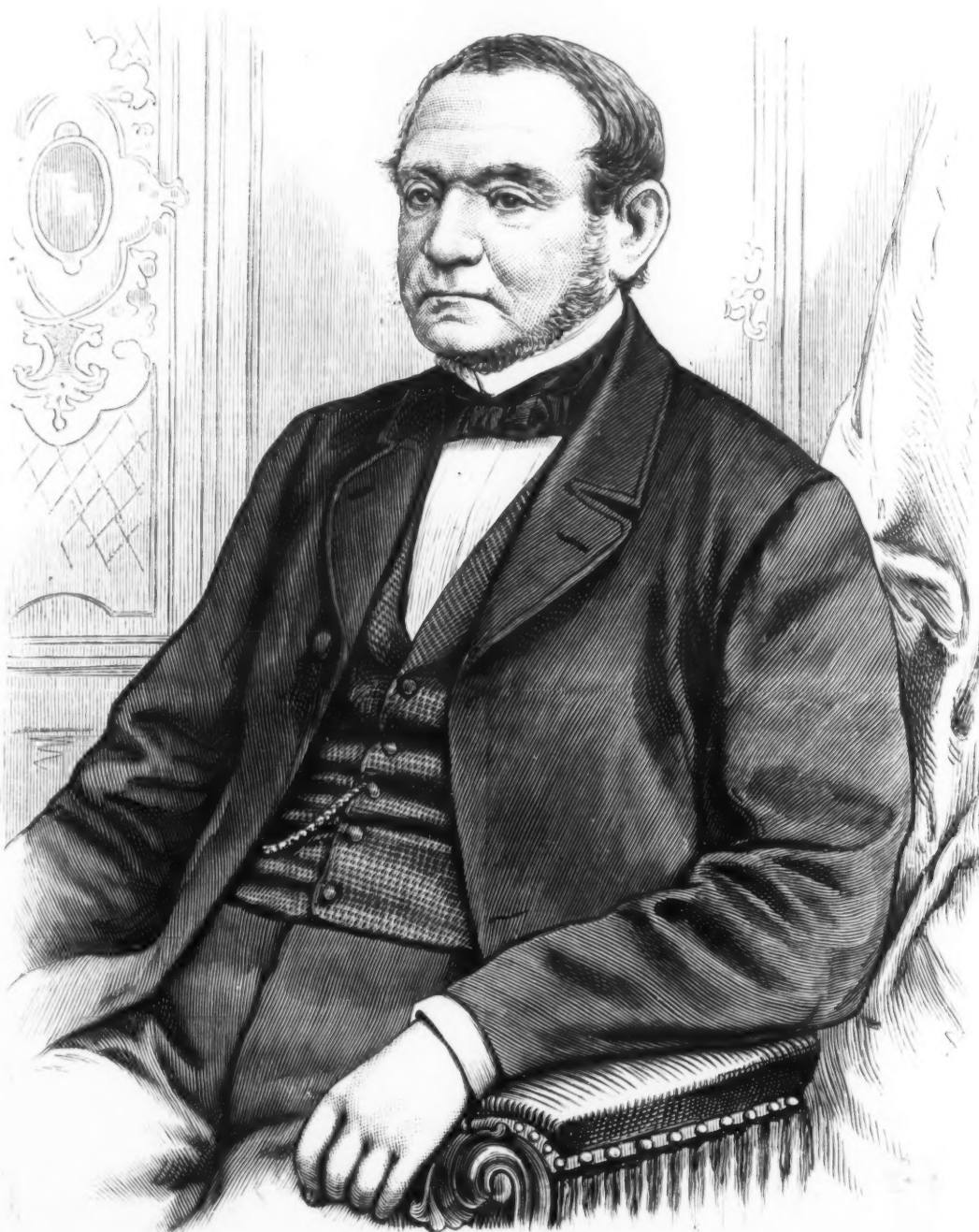
THE contest for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives is becoming warmer as the day of opening advances. Of the various gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection with the post, Congressman Kerr of Indiana, at present, has undoubtedly the best chance. He is a tall, raw-boned, awkward man, with a strong but pleasant voice; a lawyer by profession, free from the taints of Washington corruption, and particularly the salary-grab swindle. Next on the list should be placed Congressman Randall of Pennsylvania, a man of great nerve, shrewdness and experience in politics, and thoroughly familiar with parliamentary usages. Congressman Cox of New York, who has represented two States in the lower branch of the National Government, a wiry fellow, full of fun, and sensitive as a girl who is awaiting a proposal of marriage, is well-read, bright, quick, eloquent, and very popular on both sides of the House. Congressman Wood of New York, a tall, thin, ministerial-looking gentleman, is a man of marked ability, large experience in political life, and one of the oldest members of the House. Congressman Banks of Massachusetts is an ex-Speaker of the House, but it is thought that his action with the Liberal Party has injured his prospects with the purely Democratic authorities. He is an experienced parliamentarian, a man of thorough culture, large reading and generally acceptable opinions. Ex-Governor Walker of Virginia is also mentioned as a possible compromise candidate. He is about the only Northern carpet-bagger who has secured the esteem of the Southern people, and possesses a good record. Congressman Knott of Kentucky, whose "Duluth" speech is regarded as a masterpiece of burlesque, and Milton Saylor, of Ohio, a scholarly, large and florid man, fond of travel, with strong German proclivities, complete the list of prominent candidates. For the Clerkship there will also be a considerable struggle. The New York delegation will support Hiram Calkins, who has been Clerk of both branches of the State Government; the North Carolinians will present the name of the Hon. Francis E. Shober; Ohio nominates Thomas Whitehead, for many years chairman of the Democratic State Committee; and Virginia will support him; Alabama is urging Colonel Robert Tyler, son of the ex-President, who has been chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania and Alabama; Mississippi offers Major A. D. Banks, an editor of many years' standing, and a candidate for the position in 1855; Georgia puts forth the name of Albert R. Lamar, who, throughout the war, was Clerk of the Confederate Congress; while other gentlemen of lesser note have been "spoken of" in various sections. For the position of Sergeant-at-Arms there are, in prospect of nomination, John G. Thompson, of Ohio; the Hon. B. G. Harris, of Maryland; and the Hon. Henry S. Bishop, of Ohio. For candidate for anything, from a seat in the Senate to a position as page in the House, there is the Hon. Alpha-bet Pinchback, of Louisiana.

THE LATE WM. B. ASTOR.

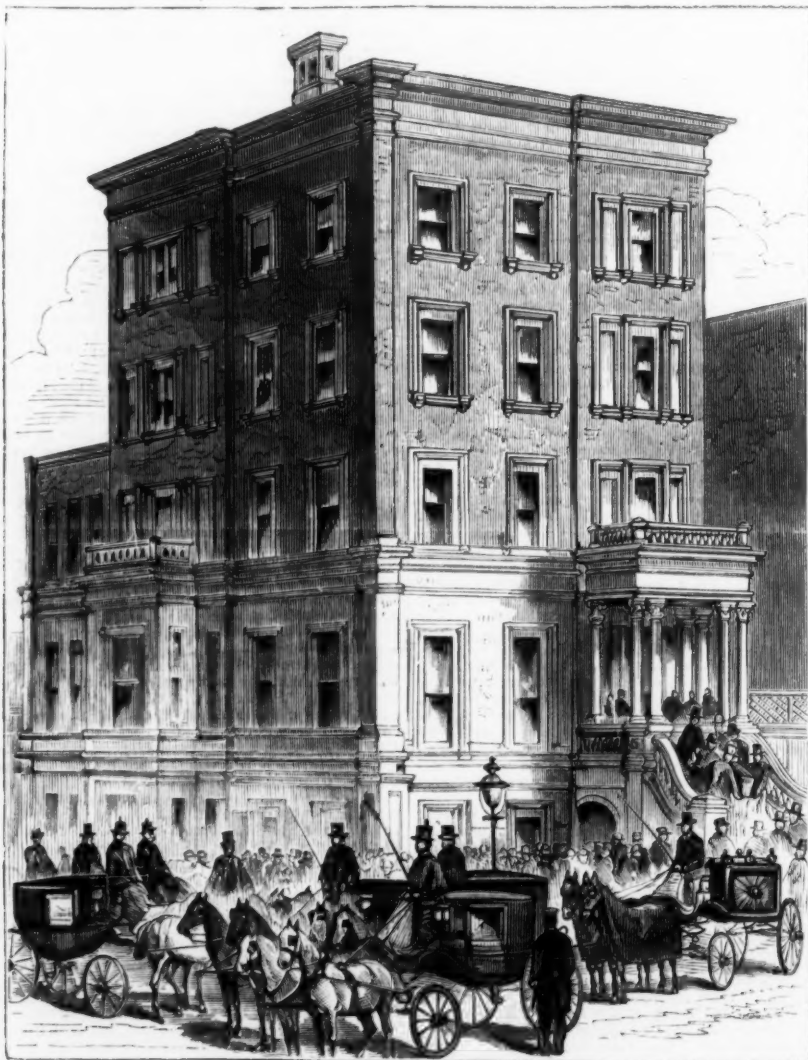
MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR died at his residence, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, at 9:30 A.M., on Wednesday, November 24th. So quiet and unobtrusive was his life, that, personally, he was known only to a small circle of friends; but his great wealth and the wonderful history of his family made his name familiar in all parts of the country. Mr. Astor was, no doubt, the richest man in this country. His father, the celebrated John Jacob Astor, died in March, 1848, leaving the subject of this sketch heir to an estate worth \$20,000,000. Mr. Wm. B. Astor was already a wealthy man before receiving this immense legacy. He had previously fallen heir to \$500,000, bequeathed him by his uncle, Henry Astor, and, possessing the aptitude for amassing money that seems to have characterized every member of the family, he had accumulated a private fortune of several millions. Under his careful management, this estate has grown to immense proportions; and, although it is impossible to state the exact amount of its present value, enough is known to justify the belief that it exceeds the highest figures set upon it by the press and the public. The venerable Peter Cooper, a man every way competent to judge, estimates the late Mr. Astor's wealth at \$200,000,000.

John Jacob Astor, the father of William B. Astor, was born in Waldorf, a small town near Heidelberg, Germany, on the 17th of July, 1763. At the age of seventeen he set out from his native town, with his bundle on his shoulder and a few crowns in his pocket, to seek his fortune. After a short stay in London, where he had an uncle and a brother already established in business, he sailed for America. His capital to start on the road to fortune in the New World consisted of a good suit of clothes, a small lot of flutes from his uncle's factory, and two or three guineas in money. In New York he was welcomed by another brother, Henry. The conversation of a fellow-passenger gave him the idea of the profit that could be made by trading for furs with the Indians and frontiersmen. Prior to embarking in the business, he resolved to learn it, and soon found employment with a Quaker furrier at \$2 a week and board. John Jacob's quick intellect soon grasped every detail of the trade, and it was not long before he had a little shop of his own on Water Street, New York, and was frequently traveling through the State to purchase furs. He married Sarah Todd, whose dowry was \$300, and the worthy couple worked faithfully together in accumulating money. After fifteen years' toil he was worth \$250,000, and subsequently his wealth grew rapidly. To use his own words, "The first hundred thousand dollars—that was hard to get; but afterwards it was easy to make more."

William B. Astor was born on the 19th of September, 1792, at 149 Broadway, which was then his father's store and residence. When



THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR, BORN SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1792, DIED NOVEMBER 24TH, 1875.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR, NO. 350 FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER OF THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

he was six years old, the family removed to No. 223 Broadway, the site of the present Astor House. From a very early period of his life William B. Astor was his father's principal assistant. He learned the fur business thoroughly, and acquired, too, those habits of industry, perseverance and economy which finally made him the Rothschild of America. His father intrusted the trade he had built up so well almost wholly to the management of his son, so that the latter may be said to have himself accumulated much of the fortune accruing to him when John Jacob Astor died.

After some years the old fur trader began to send his wares to China, receiving in return consignments of tea, a business that soon became enormously profitable. Very speedily, John Jacob Astor doubled his already large fortune.

Hitherto the son had only received limited instruction in the public schools, but now his father determined to give the boy a thorough education, and sent him to the University at Heidelberg. There the young student made good use of his opportunities, learning quickly, and obtaining numerous honors at the University. He remained in Europe several years, traveling most of the time with his tutor, the renowned Bunsen, who became in after years the most profound Orientalist of modern times, and represented Prussia at the Court of St. James.

From this student-life young Astor returned with a matured mind and a love for learning that clung to him through all his life. Although he immediately entered vigorously into all the details of his father's business, and became his most valued assistant, he did not neglect his literary and scholarly tastes. The dull routine of trade was never neglected, but time was found for study, and those quiet habits were formed that kept the great millionaire so retired from public gaze, and fostered the feeling which led him to enlarge and improve that noble monument to his father's memory, the Astor Library.

From 1815 to 1827, the younger Astor was steadily engaged in business with his father, the firm being known as John Jacob Astor & Son. In the latter year the firm was dissolved, the father retiring from the shipping business, and the American Fur Company was then formed. It was composed of John Jacob Astor, William B. Astor, and several of the more wealthy agents in various parts of the country who had been for a long time in the elder Astor's employ. William B. Astor was the President of the Company, but his father took a very active part in the business, and together they owned a controlling share of the stock of the company. The business was prosecuted for several years, and for a large part of the time yielded great profits. Finally, Mr. Astor, senior, decided to withdraw from the

company, and was soon followed by his son. From that time forward neither John Jacob Astor nor his son were actively engaged in commercial pursuits.

At his father's death greater riches and greater responsibilities accrued to the son. John Jacob Astor adhered to the law of primogeniture. He saw all his relatives well provided for, but he was too proud of the accumulations of his lifetime to allow them to be scattered into the hands of a hundred heirs. By the old man's will, William B. Astor was made the principal heir. As executor of the estate he acted with great liberality, and supplied the deficiencies of his father's will by pensioning old servants and rewarding old friends with regal munificence. The great Library, too, which his father had planned, became through his agency of far greater usefulness than old Mr. Astor could have devised. John Jacob Astor had bequeathed for the purpose \$400,000, but his son William B. increased this to \$785,000, and in a manner which showed his thorough comprehension of what a reference library should be.

Mr. Astor married a daughter of General Armstrong, Secretary of War under President Madison. By her he had three sons and three daughters, all of whom are living except one daughter. The sons are John Jacob, William B., and Henry. The eldest daughter was the first wife of Sam. Ward. The surviving daughters are Mrs. Delano and Mrs. Carey.

The estate descends to John Jacob Astor, who is about sixty years of age, and has one son, William. Of all the family, John Jacob Astor is probably the best known to the public. He served on the staff of General McClellan during the war.

The residence of Mr. William B. Astor, until within the past two years, was the large double red brick house in Lafayette Place, divided from the Astor Library by a courtyard. Here for many years the family lived in the enjoyment of their own circle, with relatives on each side of the street. At the time of his death he resided at 350 Fifth Avenue, and most of the family live in that vicinity.

At a small, unpretending office at 85 Prince Street, all the business of the Astor estate was transacted. Mr. Astor was very methodical in his habits. He used to leave his house regularly at 9 o'clock in the morning, and, until recently, he would walk to the little office. He knew everything about his estate, even to the smallest details, and although his houses must be counted by thousands, he could recite the leases of those that were occupied.

Mr. Astor's funeral services were performed in Trinity Chapel at 9:15 A.M., on Saturday, November 25th, by Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Right Rev. Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Houghton, Rev. Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson and Rev. John W. Moore.

The following gentlemen were pallbearers: Ex-Governor John A. Dix, Samuel B. Ruggles, William J. Hopkin, Chief-Justice Charles F. Daly, Daniel D. Lord, Albert Gallatin, J. Carson Brevoort and Thomas W. Ludlow. The coffin had a silver plate on which was inscribed:

WILLIAM B. ASTOR,
BORN SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1792,
DIED NOVEMBER 24TH, 1875.
AGED 83 YEARS, 2 MONTHS AND 5 DAYS.

The remains were interred in Trinity Cemetery, Carmansville.

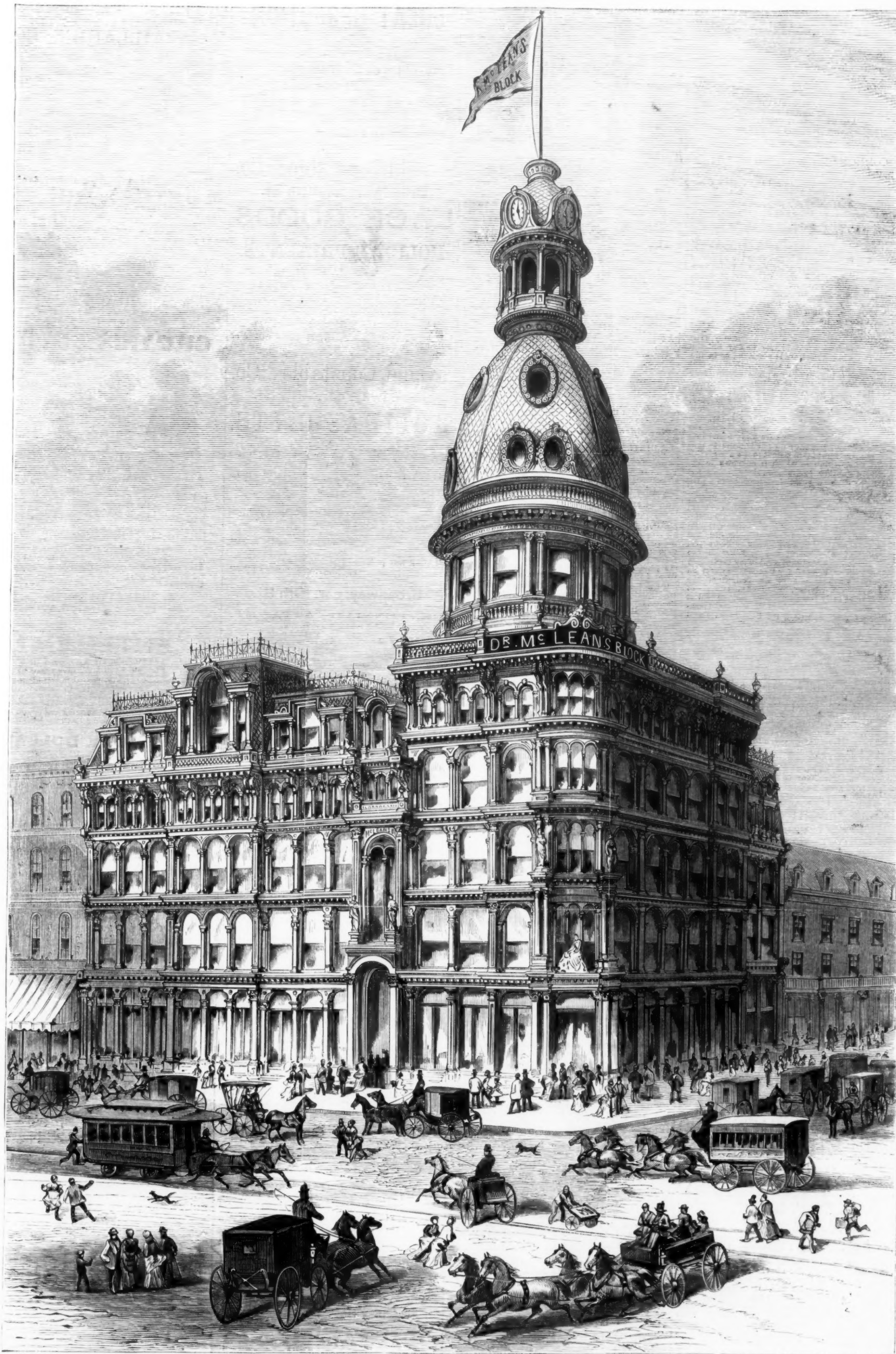
A STORY ABOUT BRUSSELS LACE.

THERE is a pretty love-story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of



BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR, NO. 85 PRINCE STREET, BETWEEN BROADWAY AND MERCER STREET.

fine lace into Brussels. A poor young girl named Gertrude was dying for love of a young man, whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, in perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all kinds of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The maiden's lace soon made her rich on account of its



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—DR. J. H. McLEAN'S BLOCK AND PALACE TOWER, ON FOURTH STREET, BETWEEN MARKET AND CHESTNUT STREETS.—SEE PAGE 223.

valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love. Many years afterwards, while living in luxury, with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her comfortable house—this time not silent. Looking stern, she said, "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; but you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and her bobbin in her hand, and, going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So the learners all became rich, and their country also.

COMMON SENSE VS. PREJUDICE.

By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

I AM aware that there is a popular, and not altogether unfounded, prejudice against "patent medicines," owing to the small amount of merit which many of them possess. The appellation "Patent Medicine" does not apply to my remedies, as no patent has ever been asked for or obtained upon them, nor have they been urged upon the public as "cure-alls." They are simply some favorite prescriptions, which, in a very extensive practice, have proved their superior remedial virtues in the cure of the diseases for which they are recommended. Every practicing physician has his favorite remedies, which he oftenest recommends or uses, because he has the greatest confidence in their virtues. The patient does not know their composition. Even prescriptions are usually written in a language unintelligible to any but the druggist. As much secrecy is employed as in the preparation of proprietary medicines. Does the fact that an article is prepared by a process known only to the manufacturer render that article less valuable? How many physicians know the elementary composition of the remedies which they employ, some of which have never been analyzed? Few practitioners know how Morphine, Quinine, Podophyllin, Leptandrin, Pepsin, or Chloroform, are made, or how nauseous drugs are transformed into palatable elixirs; yet they do not hesitate to employ them. Is it not inconsistent to use a prescription, the composition of which is unknown to us, and discard another preparation simply because it is accompanied by a printed statement of its properties with directions for its use?

Some persons, while admitting that my medicines are good pharmaceutical compounds, object to them on the ground that they are too often used with insufficient judgment. I propose to obviate this difficulty by enlightening the people as to the structure and functions of their bodies, the causes, character, and symptoms of disease, and by indicating the proper and judicious employment of my medicines, together with such auxiliary treatment as may be necessary. Such is one of the designs of the People's Medical Adviser, forty thousand copies of which have already been published, and are sold at the exceedingly low price of \$1.50, and sent (post-paid) to any address within the United States and Canada.

If you would patronize medicines, scientifically prepared, use my Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is tonic, alterative, or blood-cleansing, and an unequalled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard-seed, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; my Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel complaints, and an unequalled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public.

These standard remedies have been before the public for many years—a period long enough to fully test their merits, and the best argument that can be advanced in their favor is the fact that their sale was never so great as during the past six months.

FUN.

THE largest-sized Turkey sponge—The Sultan.

PIECE-MAKERS—Steam, gunpowder, and nitro-glycerine.

A WIFE who has her own will may one day find fault with her husband's.

IT is no use trying to get the last word with a chemist; he always has a retort ready.

IT is not so much trouble for a man to get rich as it is for him to tell when he's got rich.

WHICH Jewel does Russia hope to add to her Crown? Turk wars or an Oriental Purl?

MR. NODD, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says: "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

HARRY—"I wish I were you, aunt." Aunt—"Why?" Harry—"Because I should have such a jolly chap for a nephew. Wouldn't I give him a lot of things next Christmas?"

TWO WORKING-MEN in a village were heard discussing a new inhabitant. "Is he a gentleman?" inquired one. "Gentleman!" exclaimed the other, with unutterable scorn, "I should think not indeed; why, he never owed a hundred dollars in his life!"

A COUNTRYMAN, who often called at a certain bishop's, and was always told that his lordship was at his studies and could not be disturbed, at last replied: "I wish the Queen would never make folk bishops when they have not finished their studies."

AN individual at the races was staggering about the track, with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is—hic—a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

MR. BONDS, of San Francisco, had been married just three weeks when he visited his club for the last time. One of his eyes had suffered a partial eclipse, there was an unnatural thinness noticeable in his whiskers and hair, and his voice seemed to have lost the jovial tones which belonged to his bachelor days, as, calling the members about him, he said: "It is one of the rules of this club that no member can resign without giving a good verbal reason therefor. I resign at the earnest solicitation of my wife. Need I say more, gentlemen?"

WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him: "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference—a living sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the two fore legs are shoulders."

NOR long ago an old toper of Franklin, Kentucky, who is in the habit of getting intoxicated and lying down by the wayside to sleep off the effects of his press, was found by a party of mischievous boys, who

placed a "jack-o'-lantern," made from a big pumpkin, scraped very thin and furnished with a hideous physiognomy, on the fence a short distance from him. He awoke after a while, and mistaking the jack-o'-lantern for the "Queen of Night," gave voice to the following: "Roll (hic) on silvery moon, guide 'er mariner onish (hic) way—Look 'er here, ole teller, moon's mosh (hic) down—time you was travel'n."

Dressmaking Made Easy.—By the use of our Patterns, which may be selected from our Winter Supplement now ready for distribution, including late and fashionable designs, in addition to those represented in our Fall Catalogue for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wardrobes. Send for Catalogue and Supplement, which can be obtained by inclosing a three-cent postage stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway N. Y. All orders for patterns must be sent to the same address.

The Monongahela House was, as may be readily supposed, thronged during the Pittsburgh Exposition. Without trumpeting forth through the sonorous columns of the press any praises in its own favor, or making any empty pretensions to hostelry-fame, it is a house of first-class appointments, blending the comforts, and even luxuries, of home with all the indulgences and freedom of a liberally patronized hotel. It is very eligibly located, with a side river view, quite picturesque and attractive in its surroundings, and is accessible to street-car lines, which form a link of connections throughout the leading points of the city and proximate towns. The cuisine is admirably conducted, the table affording the delicacies of the season, and the *regime* so arranged as to conform, in time, to the variety of appetical desires. The passenger elevator for guests brings the highest story conveniently near, and under the proprietorship of Mr. John McDonald Crossan, the Monongahela cannot fail to preserve its calibre and repute. All of the gentlemen of the office, from the urbane and kindly cashier to the other employees, strengthen the claims of the institution to patronage by their efficiency and adaptability to position, salient among whom may be mentioned Mr. W. T. Caleb, whose knowledge of people is only equaled by his unruffled temperament. Mr. Caleb was once sole proprietor of the Surf House, Atlantic City, N. J., and entertained no less than 600 guests in his house at one time. With hotel experiences and popularity such as his, the "Monongahela," in the language of the playwrights, should continue to draw.

Magnificent Furs.—An experienced and high reputation of about twenty-five years has placed the name of F. Booss & Bro., of No. 449 Broadway, among the very first in the role of dealers in Furs. Certainly, they have as large and desirable a stock as any other house in New York. In Mink, Seal, Black Marten, Sable and Foxes, in all varieties, the specimens are of the genuine quality, superior material, and beautiful combinations. Their Fur Trimmings in Fox, Marten and Seal, are gracefully wrought, and form a handsome and attractive ornament to dresses, etc. Even the lower grades are fine, the imitations being of all types, and the Seal Saques, in every conceivable quality, range from \$75 upwards. Their exhibition of select Robes, Sleigh Robes in Bear Skins, Beaver, and other material, is rich and elegant, and their Ladies' Silk Saques, exquisitely trimmed with Black Marten, Silver-fox, Brown pointed Otter, etc., etc., are paragons of taste and fashionable set-off. Messrs. Booss & Co.'s prices are invitingly low.

The Automatic Crystal Fountain lately introduced by James W. Tufts, 33 to 39 Bowker Street, Boston, is one of the luxuries that every one will desire to possess. It is an ornament to any parlor, dining-room, library, drawing-room, conservatory, or show-window. It is especially adapted to purify the air in the sick room. With the addition of cologne to the water, it will make a perfumed fountain, which on account of its beauty and simplicity will excite the admiration of all. It is the only thing of the kind which performs what is claimed for it, and is of a size which looks well and in proper place in any lady's boudoir. It is handsomely mounted in golden bronze, and as a holiday gift nothing would be more acceptable to one's lady friends. The Fountain is sold at a reasonable price which brings it within the reach of most every one. Get one.

Special Notice.—Muscular or Nervous debility, indiscretions of youth or manhood, radically and permanently cured by Dr. J. J. KAUS, M.D., principal and proprietor of Dr. Kahn's magnificent Museum of Art and Science, 688 Broadway, Residence, 51 East Tenth Street, between Broadway and University Place, New York. Hours of consultation from 10 A.M. till 2 P.M., and from 6 till 8 P.M., or by appointment.

A Great Medical Discovery.—A new way to cure Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Dr. J. H. McLean's Cough and Lung Healing Globules. Trial boxes 25 cents. Trial samples free at Dr. J. H. McLean's office, 314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Tasteless Medicines.—Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules. No taste; no smell. Sold by your druggist. Ask him for our little book.

An Established Remedy.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an established remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and other troubles of the Throat and Lungs.

A Youth's Publication.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

Misfit Carpets. all sizes, and rich patterns, very cheap, at the old place, 112 FULTON STREET. [Side Entrance.]

F. J. Nash, 781 Broadway, New York, manufacturer of Solid Gold Jewelry of every description. The stock is large, very choice, and is offered at retail at trade prices to keep our workmen going. Real bargains in Fine Diamonds, Ladies' and Gents' Solid Gold Hunting Watches, of the best makers, and Chains of the latest styles. Bills under \$15, P.O. order in advance. Over \$15, C. O. D., privilege to examine. Catalogues free.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megaethoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

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DUCHESS and POINT LACE,
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DUCHESS LACE TIES,
FANCY DAMASKE GRENADINE FICHUS,
VALENCIENNES LACE BARBES,
BOWS, SETS and CAPES,
EMBROIDERED SETS IN BOXES,
Also,
A LARGE LOT of HAMBURG EDGINGS,
at GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

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With it a child can rival the
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Samples sent by mail on receipt
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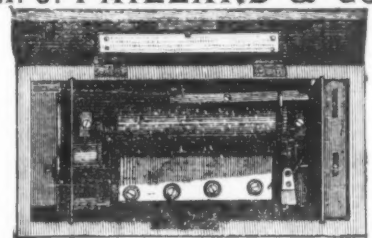
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THESE BATHS are the largest and most complete in the city. They combine the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor, and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, procuring a powerful and invigorating effect; the Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body.

The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

HOURS OF BATHING:
From 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., and on SUNDAYS from 7 A. M. to 12 M.
DAYS FOR LADIES:
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

This lottery has been in existence over 90 years, and no drawing has ever been postponed even for a single day.

The Great Extraordinary Drawing
OF THE YEAR WILL TAKE PLACE
DECEMBER 23d, 1875.
1,200,000 Dollars in Prizes.

Only 16,000 Tickets. 1 Prize to every 7 Tickets.
1 Prize of, 500,000 Dollars
1 Prize of, 100,000
1 Prize of, 50,000
2 Prizes of \$25,000 each 50,000
4 Prizes of \$10,000 each 40,000
12 Prizes of \$5,000 each 60,000
2 Prizes of \$1,000 each 2,000
475 Prizes of \$500 each 237,500
1,601 Prizes amounting to 161,500
All the Prizes above stated are drawn at this Drawing.
PRICE OF TICKETS.
Wholes, \$100; Halves, \$50; Quarters, \$25; One-tenth, \$10; One-twentieth, \$5.

To prevent Loss by Mail remit Registered letter, Post Office Order, Draft on New York, or by Express. Prizes cashed. Circulars sent free. Highest prices paid for Spanish Bank Bills, Governments, etc.
Address All Orders to

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 11 Wall St., New York.

\$15 SHOT GUN

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, OR 30 SALES; with Flank, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for \$15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

D'ARCY BROTHERS,

140 Fourth Avenue, corner Thirteenth St., N. Y., Manufacturers of Awnings for Stores or Dwellings; also Wire Signs, Awnings, Dancing Crashes, Camp Chairs, Theatre Scenery, Tents, etc., to let for Weddings or Parties.

EMPIRE LAUNDRY,

329 to 343 East 53d Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 42 University Place, cor. 11th Street, and 345 4th Ave.
Gents' and Family Linen, Lace Curtains, Laces, Blankets, Window Shades, Crumb and Dancing Cloths, and every description of Laundry Work. Collars and Cuffs called for and Delivered.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$540,000 in Prizes every Fifteen Days.
1 Prize of, \$100,000
1 Prize of, 50,000
2 Prizes of \$25,000 each 50,000
905 other Prizes, amounting to 340,000
Prizes cashed. Circulars of information sent free.
FERNANDEZ & CO., Bankers (late J. B. Martinez & Co.), 10 Wall Street, rear Basement, New York. P. O. Box 4994.

Automatic Crystal Fountain.



JAMES W. TOLFTS,
33 to 39 Bowker St., Boston.

MAGIC WAND, Silent Friend, Book of Nature, Beck-lard's New Marriage Guide. Either book 50 cts. by mail. Catalogue free. Address, Lock Box 23, P. O., Phila.

CUTLER'S PATENT POCKET INHALER

A sure Cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—even Consumption, if taken in season. Physicians endorse it as the most perfect and efficient Inhaler ever introduced. Send your address and receive our descriptive circular, and testimonials of hundreds of Physicians who have used it in their practice. We send Inhaler with Inhalant for two months' use, free by mail, for \$2.00. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

W. H. SMITH & CO., Prop's,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.

All who would have feet free from corns, dress the feet with a view to health, good taste and comfort. Shoes made on our lasts, modeled from nature—an essentially different style—and latest improvements. They press the foot evenly, giving elasticity in walking, and by the ingenuity of their construction they appear smaller than they really are, giving an elegant appearance even to the largest and clumsiest feet.

EUGENE FERRIS & SON,
81 Nassau Street, West Side, N. Y.

PHELPS, DODGE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF METALS,
TIN-PLATE, SHEET-IRON, COPPER, BLOCK-TIN, WIRE, Etc.
CLIFF ST., between John and Fulton, NEW YORK.

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OR TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 24 pp., giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c. They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. Also, a beautiful GEM CHROMOS for 10 cts.; 50 for 50 cts. Agents wanted.
Address J. L. FATTEN & CO., 162 William Street, New York.

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Constructed on Entirely New and Scientific Principles.

THE RESULT OF TWELVE YEARS' STUDY.
Warranted to stand in tune better than any Grand or Square Piano. Tuned by means of Iron Levers and Steel Screws. No timbers at back. Action proof against atmospheric changes; no sticking or rattling of action. Send for circular.

ROGERS UPRIGHT PIANO CO.,
608 Washington Street (next to Globe Theatre), Boston.

C. H. BACON, President. BENJ. F. BAKER, Treasurer.
C. E. ROGERS, Manager.

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A CURE GUARANTEED.
State your case, and send with 25 cts. to DR. VAN DYKE,
1321 Green Street, Philadelphia.

SHOWS VARIOUS OF PICTURES, "The Rib-Tickler," 25c.

L. S. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Cheshire, Conn.

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without use of Knife or Caustics.
DR. A. H. BROWN, New Haven, Conn. Send two postage stamps for descriptive circular. No Agents.
Address, COLLINS METAL WORK FACTORY, 335 Broadway, N. Y. Box 3696.

IMITATION SILVER WATCHES.

American style, 8 oz., at \$18; 6 oz., \$15; 5 oz., \$13; 4 oz., \$12. Vest Chains, \$2, \$3, \$4 and \$5 to match. Sent C. O. D. by express. Send for six at once and you get one free. Send stamp for illustrated circular. No Agents.
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ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA—NEW AND REVISED

EDITION.—150,000 Articles, 3,000 Engravings, and 18 splendid Maps. The best Book of Reference in the language. Agents wanted. Specimen with Map, 20 cts. Address, BAKER, DAVIS & CO., Philadelphia.

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FORTUNES made by agents with "The Duplicating Letter Book." No Pen, No Pencil, No Ink, No Copying Press. Letters written and copied at the same time. By mail, \$1.25. SHIPMAN & Co., 309 B'way, N. Y.

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Salary or commission. Address, COWAN & Co., Eighth St., N. Y.
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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STISSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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AGENTS WANTED.

To canvass for 72 styles of Visiting Cards. Information free. Address, H. G. MANLEY, 540 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS

20 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS mounted, size 9 x 11 for \$1, or 120 for \$5; for Holiday Pr. sent. National Chromo Co., Philad'a, Pa.
\$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 94 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address, J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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Your linen! Original Initial, with Indelible Ink and Pads, boxed, sent for 25 cents and stamp. X L's everything. FARWELL & Co., 3 School St., Boston.

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Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

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The most rapid-selling goods of genuine merit ever invented. Necessary every day in every house. Thousands sold. Profits very large. Business permanent. Illustrated Catalogue free. LA PERLE CO., 90 Chambers Street, New York.

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LAST SEASON our Agency business surpassed all others. It amounted to a quarter million of dollars. Many Agents laid up from two to three thousand dollars each, in a few months. The reason: new features, embracing several large additional profits unusual in this kind of work. THIS SEASON the money-making chances are doubly improved! To show our good faith we guarantee Agents against all losses. Not one cent is risked. Be quick. Send two 3c. stamps for valuable specimens, liberal terms, &c. Address: THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, New York, Boston, Chicago, or Atlanta, Ga.

40 Of the prettiest VISITING CARDS

you ever saw, and ten different samples, with your name beautifully printed on them all, sent to any address, by return mail, for 20 cents. Agents' price list and samples of 60 different designs for printing sent with each new order. W. C. CANNON, 46 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

PRINCE'S Improved FOUNTAIN PEN.

Writes 10 hours; warranted perfect. Prices from \$1 to \$3. Manufactured only by JOHN S. PURDY, 212 Broadway, New York. Gold Pens, Pencils. Send for Circular.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG.

By sending 35 cts. with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 41, Fultonville, N. Y.

ELEGANT FALSE MOUSTACHE AND GOATEE, 25cts.

5 for \$1. DALE & CO., New Haven, Conn.

TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL,

Giving full instructions in Skinning, Measuring and Preserving Birds, Animals, Reptiles, Fishes, Skeletons, Insects, Eggs, &c. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1. Address
H. Sylvester, Taxidermist, Middleboro', Mass.

YOUR NAME on 50 Bristol Cards for 25 cts.; or 40 in an elegant Card Case for 35 cts.

Samples of Glass, Marble, Damask, Repp, etc., for stamp. Large commissions to Agents.
E. B. SOUTHWORTH & Co., Brockton, Mass.

Pollak's Meerschams.

PIPES and HOLDERS sent to order, repaired and boiled. Wholesale and retail. 27 John Street, New York. Send for Circular. P. O. Box 5004.

\$25 A DAY

We warrant a man \$25 a day using our WELL AUGER AND DRILLS In good territory. Descriptive book sent free. Add. J. J. Auger Co., St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR NAME

neatly printed on 40 fine Bristol Cards (7 tints) for 10 cts. and 3c. stamp; on 50 Assorted Cards (no two alike) 3c. Agent's outfit, 15 cents. CLINTON & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

SUPPLEMENT

TO FRANK LESLIE'S

PITTSBURGH TRADESMEN'S INSTITUTE.

NEWSPAPER

No. 1,054—Vol. XLI.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]

EXPOSITION NOTES

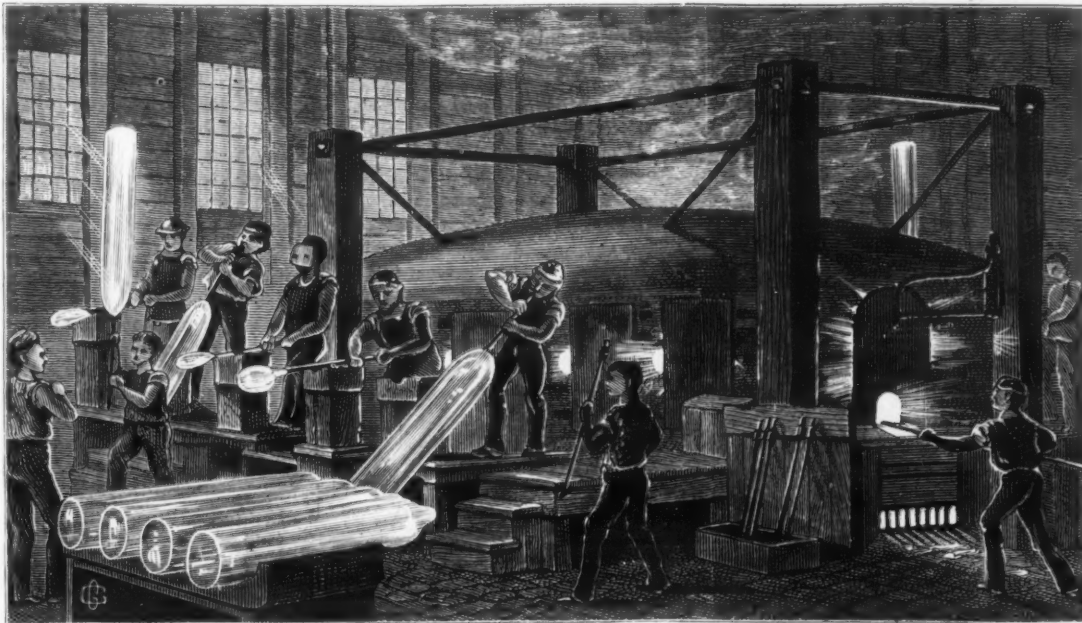
OF THE
TRADESMEN'S INDUSTRIAL
INSTITUTE
OF
PITTSBURGH, PA.

DESPITE the disadvantages under which this enterprise was inaugurated, and the serious drawbacks experienced by the few adventurous spirits who were bent on its consummation, the Pittsburgh Exposition was crowned with triumphant success. Not only the vast concourse that daily thronged the hall, aggregating on some occasions 15,000, 20,000 and 22,000 persons, but the artistic arrangement of the wares, the attractiveness of the displays, the ornamentation of the building, and the variety of the entries, tended to invest the occasion with marked *éclat* and place Pittsburgh in the van of those leading cities of the Union whose names are synonymous with splendid annual Expositions. Thomas S. Mitchell, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee, deserves great praise for the zeal and energy he infused into this splendid enterprise, the first-born offspring of Pittsburgh push and dash in expository matters. The writer, who publicly acknowledges the courtesies and kindnesses he received at the hands of this gentleman, personally watched his unflagging interest, and is impressed with the conviction that, while a generous and appreciative Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania people gave the Exposition much of its success and *éclat*, the individual efforts of Mr. Mitchell materially contributed to the victory which so auspiciously perched upon the Tradesmen's Industrial Institute of Pittsburgh, Pa. Salient among the array of first-class exhibitors, and focalizing universal admiration, may be deservedly mentioned the MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF BISSELL & CO., the well-known manufacturers of stoves, ranges, grates, grate-fronts, fenders, mantels, marbles and marbleized slate. The illustration in this issue purports only to represent a fractional part of their extensive exhibition. The mantels constituted a nucleus of special attraction, and comprised an assortment unequaled by any other expository display. Not only were the marbles genuine, but of the rarest and most exquisite designs, some as variegated in tints as autumnal leaves; others solid and composite, as it were, in shades and colors, and all molded into patterns of unique and original shape. The marbleized slate is the product of the most celebrated factory in the world, imitating to perfection all the known varieties of marbles and woods. In connection with the mantels was exhibited the renowned Peerless Shaking Grate, manufactured solely by this spirited and enterprising firm,

peculiar form of the tile used with this grate, we have a well-nigh perfect dust flue, which draws the fine dust up the chimney, and the grate being well set back in the fireplace, no dust or ashes can escape into the room. It imparts more heat from the coal consumed, and the smallest ash-pile ever witnessed from the same amount of fuel used, as compared with other forms of open fireplace grates. It will burn any kind of coal—large or small—hard or soft—coke, slack or peat. The summer-fronts for all of the Peerless Grates are of cast-iron, enameled, and fit readily and closely into position without removing the grate or any part of it, simply resting upon the shutter, and thus presenting a highly ornamental appearance. By simply lifting it down the grate is ready for a fire at a minute's notice. This is the only arrangement of the kind in use. Great strength and durability may be relied on, for each grate is carefully fitted and tested, and guaranteed not to warp, burn out, or clog. Out of the many hundreds in use, not one has failed to give entire satisfaction. The Gem of Portable or Cabinet Ranges blends perfect workmanship and finish with new and beautifully operating water-box, furnishing a large supply of hot water. The arrangement of the flues is a masterpiece of mechanical skill and ingenuity, the distribution of heat around the

prescription vial to twelve-gallon carboys. Fruit jars are a specialty, the principal brands being "The Old Reliable Mason" with "Boyd's Porcelain-lined Cap," and the "Cohansey," a new and popular glass-top jar. This popular establishment enjoys a reputation which makes it a pleasure for buyers to deal with them.

THE DISPLAY OF MITCHELL, STEVENSON & Co. not only excited universal admiration, but effected a literal "revolution" in the annals of expository pageantry. There, amid an array of stoves challenging superiority, stood what is reputed to be the king of soft coal base-burners, which the manufacturers, in view of the novel and advantageous elements it embodies, have appropriately called the "Revolution." This stove is constructed on purely scientific principles, and so wrought in its constituent parts as to require no alteration or changes, no improvements and no further efforts toward perfectibility. It was inaugurated with success, and is the only stove that has satisfactorily demonstrated, as far as we can learn from authentic sources, that all qualities of soft coal can be used as fuel in a magazine. Messrs. Mitchell, Stevenson & Co. are also manufacturers of a full and varied line of cooking and heating stoves, with headquarters at No. 194 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THOMAS WIGHTMAN & CO.'S GLASS FACTORIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ovens and under the cooking holes being both equal and rapid. They present a handsome appearance, and are in every respect an accepted substitute for the very best of brick-set ranges. The Improved Fenders, with rubber feet, as also offered by this house, are all provided with small vulcanite rubber balls in place of the former feet. This effectually prevents the scratching of the hearths, and saves wear and tear of carpets and rugs, as well as being entirely noiseless, and not being visible from above, they do not interfere with the appearance of the handsomest fender. We might enter into details of the Elevated Oven Cooking Range, the handsomest and most complete range exhibited, thousands of which are in daily use; but this is superfluous, as enough has been said to place the firm of Bissell & Co. not only as high as any Pittsburgh establishment has reached, but on as lofty a footing as any similar manufacturers in this or any other country.

THOS. WIGHTMAN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF GLASS, No. 43 WOOD STREET.—This substantial old house is one of the oldest glass concerns in the country, the senior member of the firm having been engaged actively in the business for a period of over thirty years. They manufacture window glass from a light of 6 x 8 to 42 by 72, American plate; also all sorts of bottles, from a half-drachm



who also displayed a beautiful and diverse assortment of cooking, parlor and heating stoves, cooking, portable ranges, etc., etc., the *chefs d'œuvres* of their foundry and shops, located in Allegheny City, and sample and supplies of which may be had at their office and warerooms, Nos. 235 Liberty and 242 Penn Avenue. The Peerless Radiator Shaking Grate is the latest, best, and only thoroughly reliable agitating grate in use, as well as the most beautiful and ornamental grate in the market, and unequalled for economy, cleanliness and heating properties. Among the advantages which it unquestionably possesses, is that the bottom upon which the fire rests being composed of separate bars, can be thoroughly shaken by slight motion of the handle at the side, thus sifting out the fine ashes only, and retaining all unconsumed fuel, even the smallest cinder. In this is not only attained great saving of labor, but also the utmost economy of fuel. In regard to cleanliness, it will be seen that by the

MESSRS. DILWORTH BROTHERS, Wholesale Grocers, 243 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, made a fine display, in the shape of an immense pyramid of roasted coffee, in one-pound papers, the whole surmounted by a beautiful silver coffee urn, which is their trade-mark. The sale of roasted coffee in packages has superseded the sale of raw coffee to a very great extent, all through the Middle and Western States, and the Dilworth Brothers, in connection with their business as wholesale grocers, have an extensive roasting and packing establishment, which supplies a large part of this demand. Their handsome packages of coffee adorn the shelves of retail stores all over the country, and their tasteful trade-mark is held as a sign of superior excellence by thousands of housewives, who know that the best way to keep "peace in the family" is to keep the family coffee free from all grounds of complaint. Messrs. Dilworth Brothers also make a display of teas, portion of an invoice imported by themselves

DISPLAY OF GRATES AND RANGES, MARBLE AND MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS, AT THE PITTSBURGH (PA.) EXPOSITION, BY BISSELL & CO., OF PITTSBURGH, PA.



STOVE EXHIBITED BY MITCHELL, STEVENSON & CO., OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

direct from Japan, shipped from Yokohama on the 6th of July, and reaching Pittsburgh on the 29th of August; a new and commendable enterprise on the part of the Dilworth Brothers.

ALEXANDER SPEER & SONS exhibit some plows, a prototype of which appears among our illustrations, and also plow castings, which in durability, strength and material cannot be surpassed. The experience of the late firm of Hall & Speer, who have been actively engaged in business for the last fifty years, and the conceded superiority of their manufacture, are guarantees of the character and calibre of the work. The plow in our pictorial sketch is its own eloquent tribute.

W. McCULLY & Co., Glass Manufacturers, with their office at Nos. 18 and 20 Wood Street, made a splendid exhibition of glassware and general varieties of window glass. This veteran house was established in 1830, are now running six factories, and make a specialty of pure window glass for store fronts, residences and railroad purposes. This eminent firm display some relics, or antique vessels, wrought years ago, by the ancestral members of the establishment, the reputation of which they have signally sustained.

MARVIN BISCUIT WORKS.—Among our illustrations will be found a graphic portraiture of the Marvin Biscuit Works of Pittsburgh, Pa. This is the establishment where the celebrated Pittsburgh water crackers have been made for the last sixty years. A Post Office money order for \$1.25 will secure the sending of a box containing 12 lbs. Price lists of every variety of biscuit and crackers will be furnished to responsible parties on application by mail. The Marvin goods are of superior quality, made of the very best materials, and by the most expert workmen, aided by improved modern machinery. Competition is and may well be challenged by this enterprising firm, both as to the quality and variety of their goods, and the symmetry and beauty of the packages.

THE WEST POINT BOILER WORKS, of which Mr. R. Munroe, successor to Messrs. Watson & Monroe, is now proprietor, and which are located at No. 13 Water Street, appealed so forcibly and eloquently to the Committee, as to carry off a flattering tribute of prizes. He received a silver medal for the best

boiler, a diploma for the best locomotive boiler, a diploma for the best tubular boiler, a diploma for the best upright boiler, and a silver medal for the best display of boilers generally. Mr. Munroe's exhibition was a salient feature of Machinery Hall, and attracted not only mechanics and skilled artisans, but others, who were attracted by the prominence of the display, the quality of the material and superiority of workmanship.

CRESCENT TUBE WORKS, EVANS, DALZELL & Co., 165 First Avenue and 134 Second Avenue. This firm enjoys the distinction of being the first in the United States to construct pipe larger than eight-inch bore, and are consequently enabled to furnish the largest sizes turned out in America. They are now engaged in the manufacture of boiler-flues, wrought from the best charcoal iron, which they can supply lap-welded. Their specialty of hydraulic and heavy tubing is well known throughout the country. But their display at the Exposition was the cynosure of many spectators, riveting attention by their artistic arrangement and graceful distribution of such heavy materials as gas-pipe, steam-pipe, oil-well tubing, oil-well casing, glass-blowers tubes, boiler flues, radiata tubes, sockets, nipples, galvanized pipe, and everything actually co-existent to a mammoth tubing company. Among the salient features of the display was a piece of inch-pipe, taken when cold and put through a bending-machine, which made a knot in it, such as an urchin would tie with a piece of twine, and the pipe not only withstood the test, but was not broken or cracked. These and similar *chefs d'œuvre* of mechanical skill and ingenuity in experiments with iron tubing and piping entitled them to the awards of a first premium on wrought iron pipe, and a special premium in galvanized pipe for its excellency of workmanship and superior quality over all others for the convey-

house. They handle the best brands at very little advance on cost, selling a good, fully warranted piano for \$250, and good double-reed organ at \$90, for either at wholesale or retail figures. Circulars and catalogues, with all the varieties of instruments on hand, sent free on application by mail.

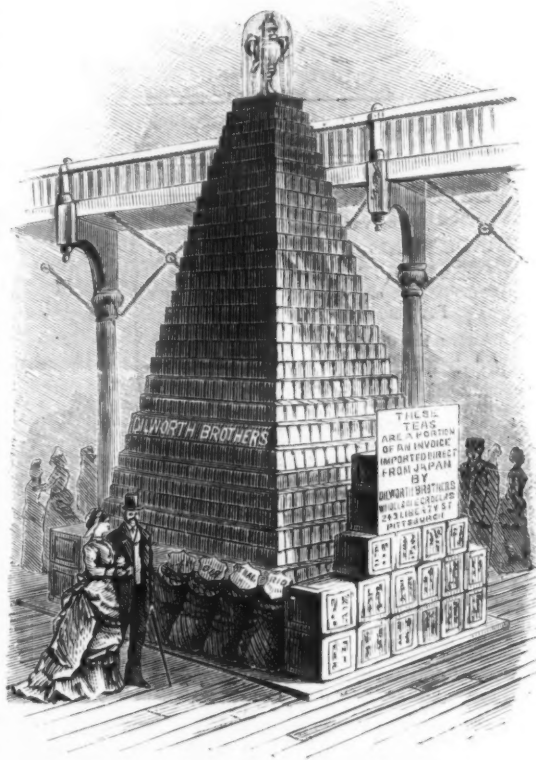
L. H. SMITH & Co., No. 49 SIXTH STREET.—This favorite house received a valuable award from the Exposition Committee for the best display of marbleized slate mantels. As they had the most elegant styles, richest patterns, best worked materials, and generally beautiful exhibition made at the great fair, this premium in our estimation was well awarded. Smith & Co. make a specialty of manufacturing Chilson's patent cone furnace for brick walls, which are held in high favor, and have proved themselves superior to nearly all others in use. In their line of stoves and grates they have Wellman's patent reflector, that have many points of excellence which are made evident to the view of the most casual observer. The general stock of furnaces, stoves, ranges, mantels and wares manufactured by this old and responsible firm have every feature of excellence assured by the proprietors, and hence we heartily recommend their claims to the attention of those who are concerned in securing the best of goods of this class.

CHINA, FINE CUT GLASS, AND FANCY WARE are handsomely displayed by Messrs. Geo. H. Garber & Co., of 100 Wood Street. At their stand in the centre of the south gallery they have a full-sized dinner table, set in the most complete style and decorated with flowers; pearl-handle knives, silver forks, table and tea spoons, add their finish to one of the finest of French china decorated dinner sets. Finely engraved cut-glass goblets, wine and finger bowls surround each plate, while at each seat handsome fringed damask napkins are placed, giving to the whole an appearance of richness and taste unsurpassed by anything on exhibition. They also show some remarkable decorations in china, and Baccarat's fine cut glassware, samples from their stock in store.

BROWN & Co., WAYNE IRON & STEEL WORKS, are exhibitors of steel shapes and all work and shapes adapted for agricultural machinery. These will compare favorably with any made in the country, both in quality and finish; but we were particularly struck with the display of this celebrated brand of United States iron, from the pig to the finished and plate. This firm own their own ore and furnace, and manufacture this wonderful iron without change of mixture the year through, and thereby secure a uniformity of product which will commend itself to those interested in the consumption of the best iron. The plates exhibited were truly astonishing. One of them had a flange in the centre seven inches deep and fourteen inches across,

inches thick, bent double cold, under a steam-hammer, without fracture. The bars were tied cold in knots, and worked hot and cold in all conceivable shapes. It is claimed and warranted by the firm equal to any ever known, and certainly this display entitles them to the credit of having placed American iron in the front rank of the entire world.

STEVENSON & FOSTER, SUCCESSORS TO W. S. HAVEN. These singularly skillful workmen displayed an unusually fine collection of blank books, welded in the strongest manner, with fine paper, stout covers, and bound in full Russia and other styles. This establishment occupies two large buildings, Nos.



PYRAMID OF PACKAGES OF TEA AND COFFEE EXHIBITED BY DILWORTH BROS., WHOLESALE GROCERS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

82 and 84 on Third Avenue, besides the main house at corner of Third Avenue and Wood. They electrotype and stereotype in every style by a new process of their own improvement, and in this line offer superior inducements to their customers. They have taken several medals at State Fairs for the unusual excellence of their ledgers, blotters, day-books, journals, and blanks of all kinds. Priding themselves on the fine quality of their work, they purpose to maintain their good name and retain a trade which is ahead of all in their line. They have as a specialty beautiful monogram styles, which for chasteness of design and elegance cannot be excelled, and hence commend themselves to the attention of all parties requiring such materials.

IRON CITY COLLEGE.—The display of fine penmanship from this celebrated business college, of which Professor J. C. Smith, A.M., is principal, eclipses anything of the kind ever before exhibited. The like is not to be seen elsewhere on the continent. The Iron City College possesses a national reputation, having students from all parts of the Union, and is one of the established institutions of Pittsburgh. It is, doubtless, the most efficient and best managed business college in the United States.

A. J. NELLIS & Co.—This firm manufactures and sells an immense number of Nellis's Original Harpoon Horse Hay Fork which has been secured under numerous patents for the invaluable points involved in making it superior in its uses, excellence and popularity. Nellis's Patent Hay-stacker, for conveying hay, and similar materials, combines many points of incomparable excellence, and its popularity attests more than we can tell in words the result of the inventor's genius. This firm also manufactures serviceable agricultural steels and irons, of all kinds and sizes, beveled, tempered and finished by Nellis's process, to suit all kinds of soils. The reputation of these implements for excellence makes them desirable articles of use.

THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL CO., LIMITED.—The works of this company are located on the site of Braddock's defeat, eleven miles east of Pittsburgh, on the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Connellsville branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Besides the shipping facilities, they have a river-front of 3,300 feet on the slack-water of the Monongahela River,

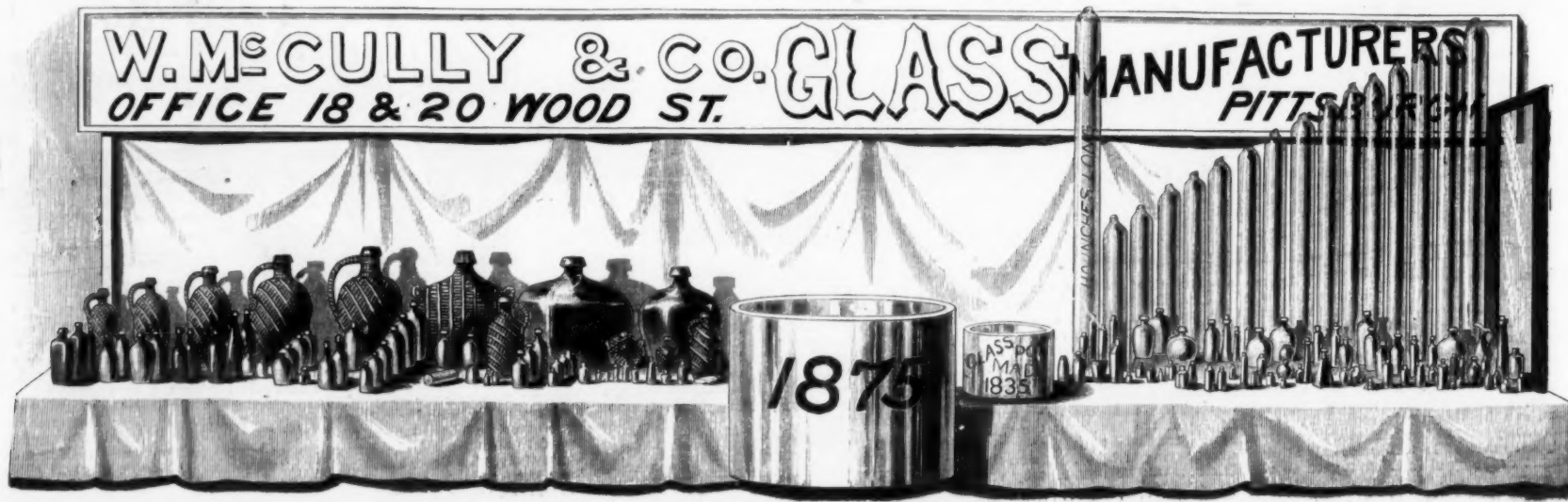


PLOW EXHIBITED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, PARIS, 1867, BY THE GLOBE PLOW WORKS, ALEXANDER SPEER & SONS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

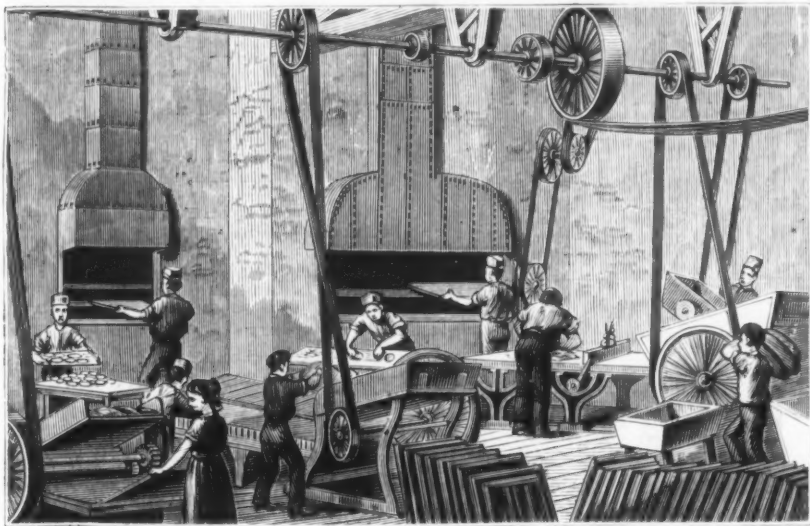
ance of water, and first premium on all goods entered. The galvanized pipe is exclusively used by the United States Government for this purpose, and no other pipe can supersede it.

THE PIANOS AND ORGANS OF S. HAMILTON & Co., of No. 77 Fifth Avenue, the largest wholesale and retail dealers in pianos and organs in Pennsylvania, centred continuous attention. This firm claims to transact over one-third more trade than any other

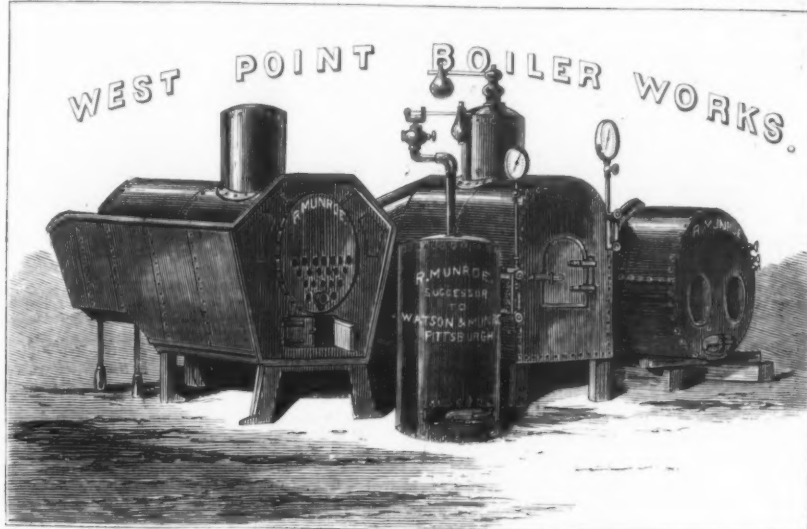
driven from a hole one and a half inches, with a square flange around the outside six inches deep, which was flanged the reverse of the centre one, without welding. Another plate was flanged double, and was quite as remarkable as the others, and those plates stood 65,000 lbs. tensile strength. They also exhibited the floors broken, to show the quality of the iron, as well as the floors from the rough to a finished condition ready for the rolls. And one of them, weighing 530 pounds, and four



DISPLAY OF GLASS WARE AND WINDOW GLASS MANUFACTURED BY W. McCULLY & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.



INTERIOR VIEW OF A PART OF S. S. MARVIN & CO.'S BISCUIT WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.



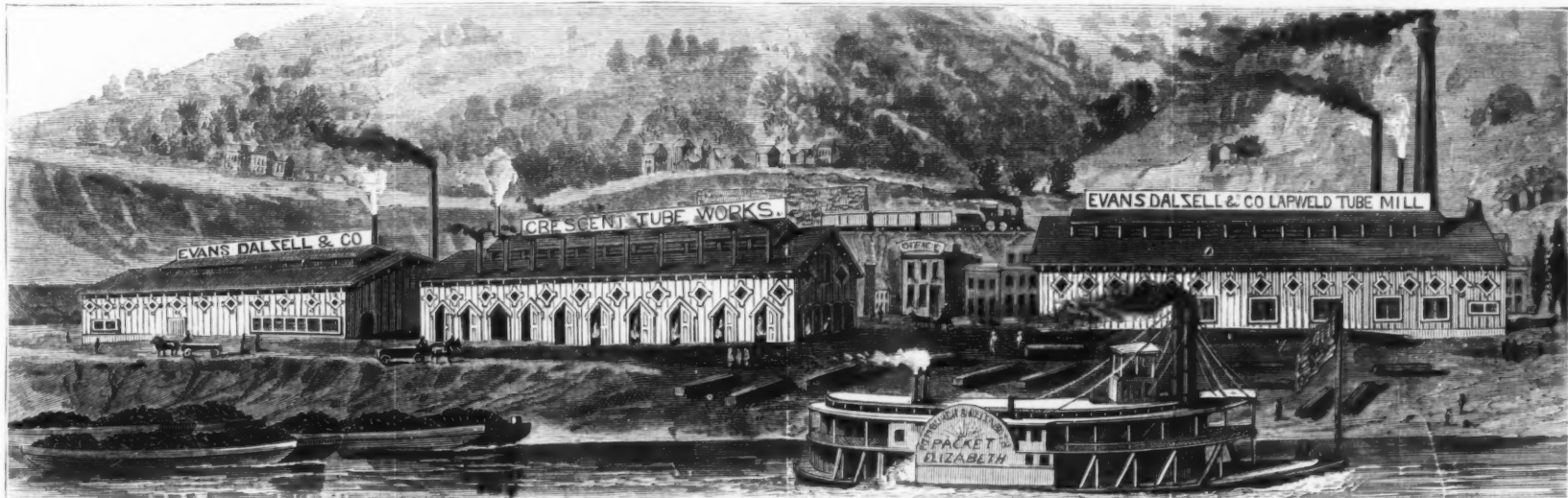
BOILERS MANUFACTURED BY THE WEST POINT BOILER WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The city office is No. 41 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh; David McCandless, Chairman; William P. Shinn, General Manager. This company had on exhibi-

B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO.'s exhibition constituted a main nucleus of attraction. Salient in the display was B. L. Fahnestock's vermifuge and confections

stomachic diseases, they are simply wonderful; nor can any better aperient be found than Wilson's pills, giving, as they infallibly do, activity to

enervated natures. Messrs. B. L. Fahnestock & Co. displayed other drugs and medicines of the highest quality and manufacture.



EVANS, DALZELL & CO.'S CRESCENT TUBE WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

tion some curiosities in the way of Bessemer steel rails. One is the longest steel rail ever rolled in the United States, being sixty (60) feet long—twice the usual length. Another 30-foot rail, of the new pattern Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 60 lbs. to the yard, was placed in a lathe and twisted nine complete revolutions, making it look like a gigantic cork-screw, yet no signs of fracture or splitting can be found. These works have made an unusually good beginning. The first rail was rolled September 1st, 1875, and during that month one single turn made 1,112 tons of rails. In October, up to the 27th, 1,642 tons of rails were made.

EDWARD BOURNE, PLUMBER, ETC., No. 45 MARKET STREET.—The exhibition of wares manufactured by this popular dealer showed several interesting novelties which attracted a vast deal of attention. Of these, we note Bourne's Patent Laundry Stoves, which present many invaluable features of excellence, being free from brick-work, insuring safety, convenience, etc. Mr. Bourne's specialty of double-valve basin cock, admitting hot and cold water by turning the lever either right or left, his bracket wash-stands, and shower-bath frames with marble fronts and mirror in the centre, are worthy of the attention which they attracted and the numerous orders this energetic dealer has received for them.

ELAINE, THE FAMILY SAFEGUARD OIL, manufactured by Warden & Oxnard, Pittsburgh, Pa., had a most creditable indorsement by the Board of Underwriters and Executive Committee of the Pittsburgh Industrial Exposition, by their decree that no other oil was allowed to be used as an illuminant in or about the building. It was decided to be equally as safe as gas, and would not increase the rates of insurance upon any building in which it is used. We know of what we write, and can assure our friends that Elaine is a safe illuminator.

acknowledged to be the best preparation for the annihilation of worms in the range of the pharmacopœia, and as familiar as household words to every

the torpid liver, purifying the system, and as a gentle cathartic, acting mildly, yet efficaciously. The charm and talisman in these pills consist in their

THE FAHNESTOCK WHITE LEAD CO. display a beautiful article of pure white lead, ground in oil, and dry; red lead, litharge, potter's and glass-maker's lead, etc., etc. They also exhibit colors of all kinds, both dry and ground in oil. These works are among the best in the United States, using patent retorts for manufacturing the oxidized leads, the most improved modern machinery, and being supplied with all the appliances and scientific agencies essential to the manufacture of the very best materials. This display of white lead was considered by experts to be of an unusually attractive character, in view of the exquisite purity of the article, and elicited among druggists and others high commendation.

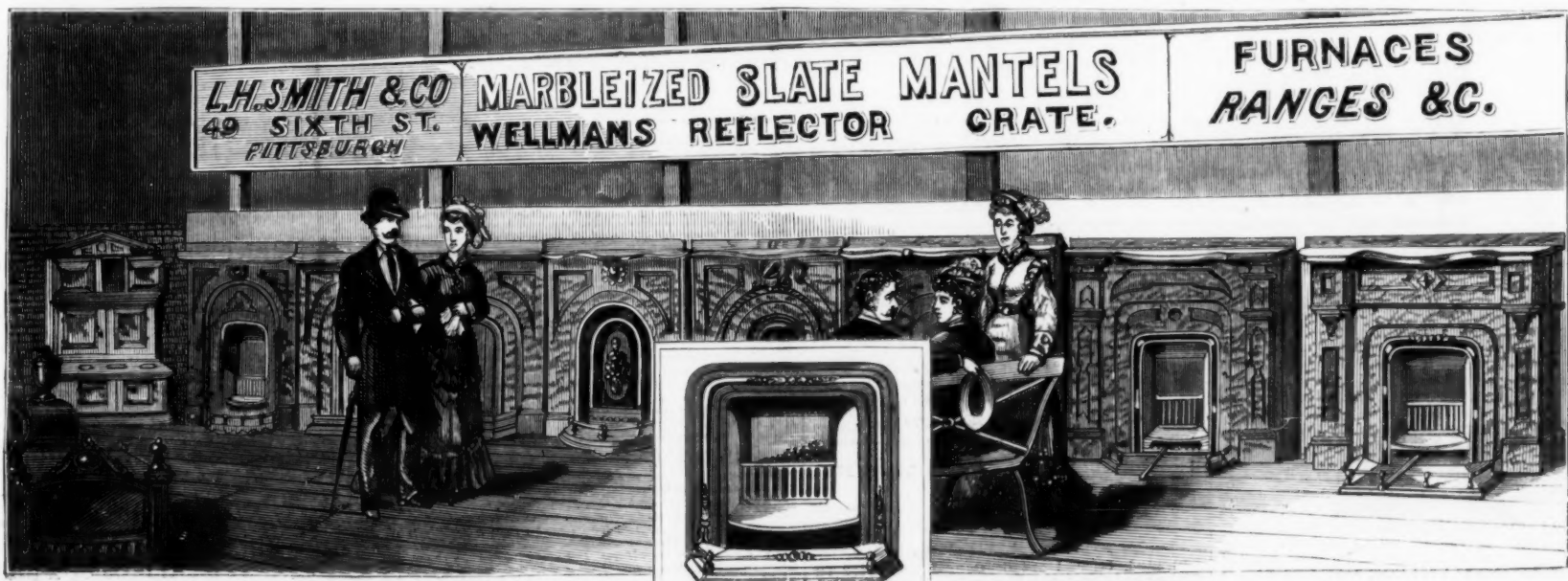
PENNSYLVANIA SALT MANUFACTURING CO., OFFICES IN PITTSBURGH, ST. LOUIS AND PHILADELPHIA. AGENCIES IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—The mammoth enterprise of this splendid industrial interest may be estimated from the fact that they occupy twenty-five acres under roof in one establishment. The works are at Natrona, Pa., on the Allegheny River, twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh, and Greenwich Point, on the Delaware River, near Philadelphia. The samples of cryolite and the products from it, as caustic, sal and bi-carbonate of soda, porous alum, etc., exhibited at the Pittsburgh Exposition, attracted a great deal of attention. Professor Bedford, of New York, reports to the American Pharmaceutical Association held at Boston, that "eleven brands of bi-carbonate of soda were examined, four of English, two of French and five American manufacturers. The result established the fact that Natrona and Greenwich bi-carbonate of soda ranks superior in quality to all others of English and American makes. These are manufactured by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Co." The caustic soda and aluminate of soda, or Natrona Refined Saponifier of this Company, is a



DISPLAY OF ORGANS AND PIANOS, BY S. HAMILTON, PITTSBURGH, PA.

mother and nurse in the country. As for Dr. Wilson's pills, they need no laudation. In the removal and even eradication of dyspepsia, as of other

agreeing with the most delicate constitution, removing nausea, and by permeating and penetrating diffusely the whole organism, fortifying weak and



FURNACES, RANGES, GRATES AND MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS, EXHIBITED BY L. H. SMITH & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

concentrated lye, from which the best quality of soap is easily made for domestic use in any quantity that may be desired. Its popularity has become well-established, and invites the special attention of all who are interested in economy in this line. The Company also manufactures copperas, oil of vitriol, nitric and muriatic acids, Le Blanc's method of making soda ash, and also have a very extensive oil refinery. The immense produce from these works makes it one of the most important and invaluable enterprises of the period. The utility and excellence of their manufactures commend themselves in the most direct manner to the consideration of all parties who are interested in securing the best articles of this kind and at the most economical figures that rule in the market.

FLEMING, AGNEW & CO., Nos. 61, 62, 63 and 64 Third Avenue.—This favorably known house made an extensive display of all kinds of stamped, plain and ornamented britannia and japanned tinware, comprising a large assortment of styles and forms of dishpans, washbasins, dippers, etc. They also exhibited elegant specimens of their beautiful toilet sets, serviceable coal hods and vases, bread and cake molds and boxes. This house is remarkable for the excellence of their workmanship, handsome designs, and beautiful stock in every detail of their line of goods.

BARNES'S SAFES.—Among the attractions, and one which receives the highest praise from all bankers and business men, is the display of fire and burglar-proof safes and vault fronts from the old reliable house of Thos. Barnes, 129 and 131 Third Avenue. Mr. Barnes has been connected with the safe business from its infancy, and during which time he has always kept up to all the different improvements, both in fire and burglar-proof safes, and, to-day he stands pre-eminent in this line, as his safes show and have always proved. Amongst the novelties he offers for examination is the celebrated Sargent & Greenleaf chronometer or time lock, which is receiving a great amount of attention from presidents and cashiers of the different banks.

REYMER & BROS., confectioners and fruit dealers, Nos. 126, 128 and 130 Wood Street, make a simply magnificent display of bon-bons, crystalized fruits, candies, confections, gum-work, etc. An examination of the quality of the goods developed a superiority quite equal to the renowned establishments of Europe, and unequaled in this country. Pittsburgh has reason to be proud of such a manufactory. A more tempting and appetizing spread of fruits and confections, candies and other sweets has seldom been laid out before a host of admiring spectators. The Reymer Bros. are jobbers in canned fruit and vegetables, ketchups, sauces, pickles, and fancy groceries of the very highest type and quality.

EMERSON, FORD & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF SAWS, BEAVER FALLS, PA.—This establishment has been successful in securing the finest and most valuable premiums given in the great national saw contest, also at numerous fairs, where they have exhibited their fine products. Their line of wares are best circular saws, cross-cuts, Emerson's patent planer-toothed saws, which are guaranteed to cut one-third more lumber than any solid saw. They also make a substantial and popular "patent flange-tooth saw," "solid tooth saw," and "patent clipper flange-tooth." "Emerson's universal adjustable saw swages," give universal satisfaction, and are becoming singularly popular on account of their excellence and adaptability to the purposes for which they are used.

FUEL SAVING TO MANUFACTURERS.—Messrs. W. C. Childs & Co., of Pittsburgh, exhibit the two celebrated specialties of which they are the Western manufacturers, viz.: the Salamander non-conducting cement and the Tupper grate, bars and slack-burning grates. The advantages of the Tupper grates are well-known, while the Salamander cement has received the highest indorsement of Government engineers, and is employed in the United States Navy for covering steam pipes and boilers. It has also been adopted by the Departments at Washington. The fibre of this cement is composed of the curious mineral *asbestos*, of which Messrs. W. C. Childs & Co. have discovered and opened mines in Maryland and North Carolina, and of which they exhibit some remarkable specimens. This *asbestos* is a fibrous, non-conducting and incombustible mineral, which, when crushed, presents the appearance of cotton threads.

S. REED JOHNSTON & Co., of 178 Wood Street, enter the arena with an exhibition of artistic printing and bookbinding, unsurpassed, if equaled, by but few houses in the country. There is nothing meretricious about their display. The heavily mounted, yet portable and well-set blank books, ledgers, journals, etc., manufactured at best for legitimate orders, are designed for practical use, and well they come up to the exacting demands. The material of the paper is of the very best quality, and the binding, or overlay, blends strength and neatness with durability and comeliness. The specimens of printing, by way of selection of combination of colors, nature of material, and general press-work, were worthy the attention of connoisseurs, and elicited universal admiration. We learn that this firm have been installed but a short time in business, and with this brief record, their work is really remarkable. Many of the designs were chaste and beautiful, especially the monogrammic conceptions, and the execution, wrought in rich tints, presented a *coup d'oeil*, as it were, of superior typographic work. The presses, printing materials and other appliances of the profession, constituted quite an array of work and specimens of machinery in keeping with the calibre of the house.

SLIGO IRON MILLS.—A noticeable feature of the Exposition is the display of Phillips, Nimick & Co., proprietors of the Sligo Iron Mills. A large and neatly rolled boiler-head, 106 inches diameter, by 3-8ths of an inch thick, forms the background, in front of which are arranged their various products of Sligo and Tyrone iron—their fine and common grades, respectively. The iron exhibited has been subjected to severe tests, either by breaking, bending, hammering, pulling, flanging, working cold, punching or polishing, and the way in which it has stood these tests speaks most highly for its quality. A few of the tests of Sligo iron shown are the following: A bar of 3-inch square, with holes 6 inches in diameter, punched in both directions, hot, one end of the bar being afterwards bent double, cold. Numerous pieces of rounds and squares, with holes much larger than the diameter of the iron punched, close together in opposite directions, the ends either bent together or knotted cold. A number of deep and well-turned flanges of Sligo special or fire-box iron, stamped 62,000 and 64,000 lbs. tensile strength, with strips cut from edges of plate, then drawn out hot and closely tied cold. Pieces of Sligo gun-iron, highly polished, exhibiting smooth surfaces, without specks, seams or flaws. Rings of Sligo special iron, six inches in diameter, pressed out with punches at a red short heat, from a piece two inches diameter. Messrs. Phillips, Nimick & Co. are extensive manufacturers of plates, sheets,

bars, angles, light rails, agricultural shapes, ax iron and plow steel. They claim that their Tyrone grade is equal to the best American iron, and guarantee Sligo unexcelled by any in the world.

A. BRADLEY & CO.—This is the oldest and most extensive of the numerous stove manufactories of Pittsburgh, having been in existence over thirty years. Always occupying a leading place in the business, and sending out first-class goods, it is only a fair reward of merit that their trade should extend West to the Pacific, and South to Louisiana and Texas. Their display at the Exposition consisted of seventy-four stoves, which, as it was all the space allotted them, possibly contained, but does not nearly comprise, a full representation of their line of manufactures. The new base-burner, the Graphic, is an object of universal admiration. It belongs to the class of stoves known as "self-feeders," and is warranted to burn either hard or soft coal, or coke. One of the larger size was placed in the Exposition Dining-Hall, where its operation attracted much attention. We clip the following extracts from notices in the Pittsburgh papers. From the *Gazette*: "The 'Excelsior' cook, for coal or wood, which experience proves to be what its name indicates, is deserving the attention of every housekeeper. Perfect in every arrangement, it is both ornamental and useful." From the *Dispatch*: "Among the stoves on exhibition, in addition to those mentioned above, is one which attracts the attention of hotel and boarding-house keepers at sight. We refer to the large stove called the 'Continental,' which looks capable of doing the cooking for a dozen or more good-sized families. Upon inquiry, we learn there are large numbers of them in use in the city and surrounding country towns." In our own experience, it seldom occurs that we have enjoyed as decided a pleasure as that which we had in viewing the exhibition made by this house, and the interest which the working of their stoves elicited from the thousands who witnessed their operations. Their department in the Exposition was constantly thronged by housekeepers and parties who are interested in securing the best articles of this character, wherein they may get those which combine the best points of durability, convenience, neatness and economy in use. That the wares of Bradley & Co. succeed in all these particulars, is a certainty to which we desire to call the special attention of consumers, assuring all who are concerned that they will find it greatly to their advantage to remember the claims of this house and its elegant goods when they are purchasing stoves. For general family use, the special form "Excelsior" will be found to answer perfectly every demand that may be made on its resources, it being perfect in every detail requiring compactness, slightly form, convenience of the most desirable kind, and in point of economy simply a wonder. With all these attractions in favor of Bradley & Co.'s wares, we heartily recommend them to housekeepers and all who wish to get the best of stoves.

THE MAELSTROM AS IT IS.

NEARLY midway in the London Strait, a huge naked rock, which might fairly be called an island, lifts itself above the waters, breasting the conflicting currents caused by the winds and tides. Between this rock and the cape on Muskong is the famous maelstrom, which fertile imaginations have clothed with many terrors. Its geographical position is such as to expose it to fierce tidal currents, and, when these are assisted by high westerly winds, they are, no doubt, terrific. The bottom of the strait is strewn with immense boulders, which are so arranged as to give the current a spiral motion, directed towards the isolated rock from the northern side, which is much increased in times of high tides and storms, when it whirls quite around the island rock. Then it is that it becomes really difficult for boats and vessels without steam-power to keep clear of the rocks against which the wayward currents would dash them. While there are at times vast and powerful eddies, which give objects floating upon them a fearful spiral motion, there is nothing like a vortex produced by a subterranean discharge of the water, although the tumbling and boiling character of the spiral current may submerge temporarily objects drifting on the surface. No doubt in the course of time the action of the water has tended to level down the bed of rocks, some of which, we may presume, showed themselves above the surface. This may have rendered the maelstrom much more terrific than it is now, and better justified the ancient fable. As it is, in ordinary times, and in favorable weather, the fishermen do not hesitate to seek for fares throughout these waters, which to strangers are suggestive of the most terrible dangers.—"A Summer in Norway," by D. Canton.

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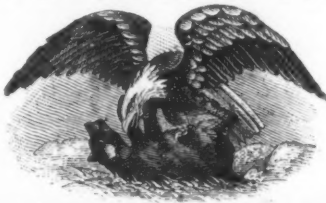
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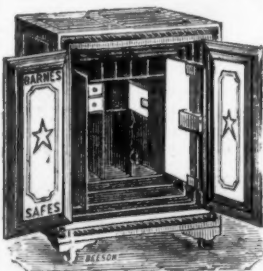


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